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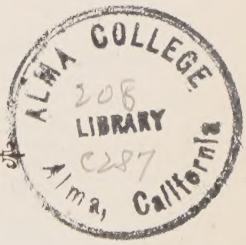

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BISHOP MILNER

(1752—1826)

By the Rev. EDWIN H. BURTON.

The history of the life of Bishop Milner is the history of the struggle for Catholic Emancipation. It is this fact, perhaps, rather than his own personality, striking though that was, which has caused him to fill a larger place in the history of the Catholic Church in England than any bishop since the days of the Reformation.

Yet he was in himself a remarkable man. The work of his life was to guide the Church in this country through a most difficult and dangerous crisis. This work he accomplished, in spite of misunderstanding and opposition from friends as well as foes, with all the insight into the needs and dangers of his age that marks the born leader of men. Possessed of all the instincts of a scholar, as his historical and controversial works show, he was yet a man of action, full of resource, strong in word and deed. Beneath the surface of his stormy career lay a deep spiritual life, which, formed in a school of solid though unpretentious piety, moulded his natural impetuosity of temperament into a zeal for the interests of God which no persecution could daunt.

To understand the part he played during the days when he was, as Cardinal Newman has said, "the

champion of God's ark in an evil time," we must briefly recall the events that preceded his public career.[1]

At the time of Milner's birth, and for more than a quarter of a century afterwards, the Penal Statutes against Catholics were still the law of the land. Some of the more sanguinary provisions had not been put in force for nearly a century; but the main enactments still affected the daily civil and domestic life of Catholics in a galling and intolerable manner. During the eighty years that followed, Catholics were to pass from persecution to emancipation; but the transition was a gradual one. The first attack on the penal system was in 1778, when an Act of Parliament was passed which permitted Catholics to inherit land, and which repealed the law subjecting bishops, priests, and Catholics who kept schools, to perpetual imprisonment. This Act, though it granted but slight relief, struck the first blow at the penal system itself, and thus prepared the way for its total abolition. Significant of the change was the attempt soon made by some of the more prominent Catholic noblemen and gentlemen to combine to free themselves from the more harassing restrictions that remained. During the times of persecution, any concerted action on the part of English Catholics had been impossible; but no sooner had Catholic laymen begun to act together than a spirit of reaction set in, and they endeavoured to exceed their province by dealing with matters purely ecclesiastical and therefore belonging to the jurisdiction of the Vicars-Apostolic. But this tendency was not perceived for some time after 1778; and meanwhile the bishops were inclined to welcome the co-operation and combination of the laity for the interests of the Church.

The origin of this new movement was in a small committee, which had done excellent work in connection with the Act of 1778, but which had ceased to exist when its object was attained. Nevertheless the success it met

[1] For an account of these times, of which barely the outline can be indicated in these pages, the reader is referred to Father Amherst's invaluable *History of Catholic Emancipation*.

with probably suggested the appointment of a more permanent body; for in 1782, a meeting of English Catholics elected a Committee of Five for five years "to promote and attend to the affairs of the Roman Catholic body in England." The secretary of this Committee was Charles Butler—a man in many respects remarkable. Although one of the leading conveyancers of his time, he was precluded from being called to the Bar, owing to his being a Catholic. During a long life of eighty-two years he deserved well of English Catholics in many ways; but the unhappy line of action he pursued in connection with the Catholic Committee has cast a shadow over his fame which even his sacrifice of a brilliant professional career for the sake of his Faith has not been able to remove. The Committee of Five did little besides addressing a letter to the Vicars-Apostolic, urging them to obtain from the Holy See the re-establishment in England of a regular hierarchy, instead of government by bishops acting as Vicars-Apostolic of the Pope. This matter, being at the time quite impracticable, came to nothing; but the Committee still bore it in mind and alluded to it in a "Letter to the Catholics of England," published April 10, 1787, from some expressions of which it appears that the tendency to interfere with the ecclesiatical government of the Church was already showing itself.

When this Committee reached the term of its office it was replaced by a "Committee of Ten," constituted at a meeting of English Catholics held on May 3, 1787. The action of this body was far more vigorous, though its guiding spirit was the same. Four members of the former Committee had been re-elected, and Mr. Butler was again appointed secretary. Within a year, they opened negotiations with the Prime Minister, Pitt, who promised to consider the question of the relief of the English Catholics, but desired the opinions of the leading Catholic universities abroad upon Catholic teaching with regard to civil allegiance. Difficulties also arose owing to popular misconception of other Catholic doctrines, so that it was

thought desirable to draw up a "Protestation" disclaiming some of the tenets imputed to Catholics. This document was accordingly drawn up; and copies of it were sent to the Vicars-Apostolic and circulated among Catholics for their signatures. This gave rise to further troubles, as the Vicars-Apostolic did not like the Protestation, even after it had been altered by themselves. At length, however, they signed it, as did most of the clergy, but with manifest reluctance, Dr. Walmesley, Bishop of Rama and Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District, subsequently withdrawing his signature. Such signatures as were obtained were given for the most part on the understanding that there was to be no new oath imposed by the Act, the existing oath of the Act of 1778 being considered to meet all requirements. But in spite of the assurances of their agents, the next act of the Committee was to draw up a new oath, which they asserted was necessary in order to persuade Parliament to grant the desired relief. This oath in its plain meaning was one no Catholic could take. Not only was it unsound in its declaration on the Pope's spiritual power, but it imposed on Catholics the unheard-of name "Protesting Catholic Dissenters"—a name which Milner subsequently branded as "in itself an ensign of schism."

The bishops now recognized the situation as serious, and lost no time in dealing with the matter. At a meeting at Hammersmith on October 19, 1789, the four Vicars-Apostolic condemned the oath as unlawful, declaring that none of the faithful "ought to take any oath, or subscribe any instrument, wherein the interests of religion are concerned, without the previous approbation of their respective bishops." The reply of the Committee was an appeal to the Catholics of England, and a letter to the bishops in which they refused submission. Within a few months, circumstances called forth a fresh condemnation of the oath. In January, 1790, the Vicar-Apostolic of the London District, "the good Bishop Talbot," passed away, and not long after occurred the death of Bishop Matthew Gibson, of the

Northern District; but they were succeeded by two prelates of the same temper. Dr. Douglass was made Vicar-Apostolic of the London District, and Dr. William Gibson succeeded his dead brother in the North. When the bishops-elect met Dr. Walmesley at Lulworth Castle to be consecrated, they joined him in publishing a new condemnation of the oath. The Committee remained obstinate, stating, through the secretary, that the condemnation "did not withhold the Committee from continuing their exertions to obtain the passing of the Bill, or induce them to take any step for obtaining an alteration of the oath." Thus resolute, they stuck at nothing. Disclaiming submission to the bishops, they published what has been called "The Schismatical Protest," and prepared for the introduction of their Bill into Parliament. They proposed that relief should be given only to those Catholics who were willing to take the oath and to describe themselves as "Protesting Catholic Dissenters." Thus Catholics who remained faithful to the bishops, and to the principles which had guided their fathers from the times of the Reformation, who clung to the name of Catholic, their heritage from the days of St. Augustine, were to be left under the crushing burden of the Penal Laws.

This was the situation when the time came for the Catholic Relief Bill of 1791 to be introduced into Parliament. On the one hand, there was the Committee assured of success, with the goodwill of the Government, and with friends in both Houses of Parliament; on the other hand were the bishops, powerless to prevent the passing of a Bill which they foresaw would create so dangerous a division in their flock, and unable to prevail on the defiant Committee to amend the obnoxious measure. Their cause appeared so hopeless, that even courageous Bishop Walmesley, whose sturdy maintenance of the rights of the Church had won for him in his old age the name of "the old Lion of Rama," could see no human means of averting the blow, but sought refuge in prayer alone. From out

of the West came his pathetic words: "I have asked my Master that this bad oath may not pass: and He will grant my prayer."

That prayer was heard. God was about to raise up a champion to free the Catholics of England from this bad oath, and from much besides. In the hour of difficulty, He put it into the hearts of the bishops to call to their assistance a man whose strength of character and wealth of resource were to turn the tide of battle—a man whom the Committee in the hour of defeat chose to describe as "one John Milner."

At the time when Milner was thus called upon to take part in public affairs he had not long completed his forty-first year, having been born on October 14, 1752, in London, where his childhood was spent. His father's name was Miller, and his own baptismal certificate gives his name as John Miller; but this name was changed to Milner, while he was still a schoolboy. He received his first religious instruction from the venerable Bishop Challoner, who took a keen interest in the lad and assisted him in obtaining his education. After a year's schooling at Edgbaston, near Birmingham, he was removed, in 1765, to Sedgley Park School; but as he was already studying for the priesthood, Bishop Challoner thought it advisable to send him, the following year, to Douay, where nearly all the priests destined for the English Mission were educated. For the next twelve years he remained in the English College there, continuing his studies, until he was ordained priest, in 1777. He then returned to London, living in Gray's Inn, seeing much of Bishop Challoner, and being entrusted by him with the care of the library which belonged to the clergy of the London District. During the two years that followed, he had no regular appointment, but served in various places where a priest was temporarily wanted. The last place he thus supplied was Winchester, where a fever had broken out among the French prisoners of war detained there. The need for his services was great, as the priest of the place, Rev. J. Nolan, had died, a victim

of charity, amid his suffering flock. The state of things was terrible : many hundreds of the prisoners with nearly all the medical staff and prison authorities died of the infection, so that the young priest found a wide field for his charity and zeal. Owing to the excellent work he did during this crisis, Bishop Challoner, towards the end of the year, gave him the permanent charge of the mission, in spite of some dissatisfaction on the part of the congregation, who, misled by their new priest's youthful appearance, complained that the bishop had sent them a boy. From this date Milner resided at Winchester, working zealously among his flock, and taking an active interest in the public events and past history of the cathedral city. He also commenced to write—his first publication being a funeral discourse on Bishop Challoner, who passed away in 1781. In this Milner bears testimony to the extent to which that venerable prelate had influenced his character and career.

But while his activity found wide scope for itself in his duties at Winchester, he did not remain unmoved by the course public affairs were taking in consequence of the action of the Catholic Committee. Of this action he disapproved from the first, his distrust being awakened by the Committee's " Letter to the Catholics of England." With his natural tendency to speak out, he wrote, showing the schismatical tendency of the letter, but suppressed this reply at the desire of Bishop James Talbot, who had succeeded Dr. Challoner, and who at that time hoped for good results from the labours of the Committee,—thinking that with prudent guidance their efforts might do much for the cause of Catholic relief. Before his decease in 1790, the good bishop had reason to alter his opinion, and on his deathbed expressed his intention of writing against the Committee if he recovered. But though Milner's pamphlet had been withdrawn, his assistance was welcomed in other ways, and he was called to attend the Hammersmith meeting in 1789, when the bishops condemned the oath. The course of events after Bishop Talbot's death did not improve ; and during

1790 Milner entered into a controversy with one of the members of the Committee, Sir J. Throckmorton, who had written a pamphlet maintaining the right of the clergy and laity to elect their own bishops without reference to the Pope. This was one of the signs of the spirit that prompted the Committee to exceed their proper limits.

Thus by the beginning of 1791 affairs had reached the acutely critical stage already described. The Committee, in spite of persuasion, remonstrance, or argument, had carried their bill with its schismatical oath to the table of the House of Commons; and the bishops found themselves powerless to avert the threatened blow, involving, as it did disunion, division, possibly schism to the Catholic Church in this country.

In circumstances such as these, Milner was not the man to remain unmoved. The bishops turned to him in their hour of need, calling upon him to champion their cause. He answered by prompt and decisive action. Furnished with a written appointment as the agent of Bishops Walmesley, Gibson, and Douglass, he lost no time in preparations, but flung himself at once into the midst of the fray. He immediately left Winchester for London, writing a pamphlet in the coach on the way. As soon as he reached the scene of action, he sent his pamphlet to press, saw Burke, Fox, Pitt himself, in rapid succession, had interviews with Anglican bishops and other members of Parliament, and urged on all the insufficiency of the Bill, pleading the cause of those Catholics who stood faithful to their bishops and their ancient traditions.

The 1st of March was the day appointed for the introduction of the Bill. Milner went down to the House of Commons, only to find himself, as he wrote in after years, "amid a crowd of exulting adversaries, while his friends were on their knees at home praying God to protect His own cause." He had taken steps to have a copy of his pamphlet handed to each member as he entered the House—a measure which proved the death blow of the measure as drafted. The debate was

proceeding. Fox and Burke had spoken in favour of relieving Catholics: Pitt had followed in ambiguous terms, not having made up his mind whether it would be better to relieve both parties by one Act, or to pass the Bill in favour of the "Protesting Catholic Dissenters," leaving all other Catholics in their original position, save for the repeal of the obsolete death penalties: when the Attorney-General, Sir Archibald Macdonald, rose with a statement that settled the question for ever. "As he was entering the House," he said, "a paper had been put into his hands which proved that one of the Catholic parties were as good subjects and as much entitled to favour as the other." This statement caused a profound sensation. Pitt read the pamphlet, and in conversation soon afterwards declared: "We have been deceived in the great outlines of the Bill; and either the other party must be relieved, or the Bill not passed."

The battle was won. From this time, as Milner said, "the fate of the Bill, though the passing of it was delayed for three months, may be said to have been in the hands of the Vicars-Apostolic." The bad oath was struck out, and that of the Irish Relief Act of 1778 was substituted. The obnoxious name "Protesting Catholic Dissenters" was dropped, while the provisions of the Act gave relief to all Catholics alike.

Milner had gained a decisive victory; but the members of the Committee could ill brook their defeat. They called upon him to furnish proof of his authority to act on behalf of any other Catholics but himself. He showed that he was formally deputed by three Vicars Apostolic to act as their agent, and proved that the main body of English Catholics looked to their bishops, and not to the Committee, for guidance in such matters as the oath. To this the Committee replied in a "Statement of Facts," which was printed and circulated among members of Parliament. Among other statements, it set forth, that "one John Milner," who had issued the notorious pamphlet "on behalf of thousands," being called upon for his authority in making these assertions,

"could only produce the names of *three persons*—and those never chosen to transact business in their, the Catholics', names." These "three persons" were three out of the four bishops who then ruled the Church in England!

The manœuvre failed; the Bill, as amended, passed unanimously through the two Houses, and in due time received the Royal Assent. This Catholic Relief Act of 1791 closed the active persecution which for two hundred and thirty years had endeavoured to drive the Catholic Church out of this country: and it inaugurated a new state of things. Churches and schools began to rise, while the enormous influx of French *emigré* clergy, so generously received by the nation in the following years, did much for the revival of the Faith. Having gained a footing by this Act, Catholics could now begin to labour for complete emancipation. Nothing less than this could satisfy justice; for though our public worship and our schools were legalized, and though many unjust restrictions had been removed, we still laboured under numerous disabilities. We were denied the franchise, debarred from sitting or voting in either House of Parliament, excluded from office under Government, as well as from corporate bodies, and deprived of many other rights as British subjects. Catholics accordingly commenced the struggle which was finally crowned with success by the Emancipation Act of 1829.

In this struggle Milner was to play a leading part. But this new combat lay in the future, and for a brief space all was quiet. The Committee of Ten ceased to transact active business, and practically dissolved, only to begin a new existence as the Cisalpine Club. Milner himself returned to Winchester, and settled down again to the quiet daily routine of a priest's life, having in this single-handed struggle procured for all Catholics, without distinction, the relief of an Act which was the foundation of the new position gained by the Church in this country.

The smouldering resentment which Milner had in-

curred by his opposition to the Committee was fanned into flame by his success in defeating their measure. Thus arose the steady enmity and opposition which met him at every turn during his subsequent career. This hostility showed itself at once in a manifestation of unpopularity. Speaking, long afterwards, of this time he wrote: "I was in so much disgrace with a great part of those of my Communion in London, that they nicknamed me Lord George Gordon, and would not speak to me in the streets for that very conduct for which they are now obliged to me, namely, for being instrumental in preserving for them their family name and their unchangeable creed."

But Milner was not the man to care for unpopularity, or to be moved by what others said or thought of him. Returning to Winchester, he occupied himself with the affairs of his mission there, his first work being the erection of a new chapel in place of the old building which had been in use since the end of the seventeenth century. This was a work in which he took a deep interest, for he had carefully studied the principles of Gothic architecture, then much neglected, and had come to be regarded as an authority on the subject. His appreciation of this style of architecture, and his consequent investigation of the principles which govern it —in which matter he anticipated by half a century the Gothic revival under Pugin —resulted not only in the erection of what is said to be the first Gothic chapel built in England since the Reformation, but also in the publication of three works on architecture. Probably his interest in the subject had been promoted by his studies of the antiquities of Winchester, particularly of the cathedral, which he dearly loved. For nearly ten years it had been his recreation to investigate the archæology and history of the cathedral city; but his intimate acquaintance with the subject would probably have led to no special result had it not been for a lucky chance which induced him to commence his *History of Winchester*. As his researches had already been made, the

writing of the book occupied but one year. As soon as the work was published it attracted the notice of the public and brought him increased reputation, much commendation, and some criticism which led to important results. In the same year, 1798, he published his *Life of Bishop Challoner*—a short but vivid memoir, containing many particulars concerning that saintly prelate which would otherwise have been lost. A voluminous writer at all times, Milner was especially active with his pen during this period of comparative rest, and to this time his best work belongs. The books already published were to lead to greater things. The History contained a criticism on the Anglican Bishop Hoadley, which provoked the Chancellor of Winchester, Dr. Sturges, to write a reply entitled *Reflections on Popery*, and Milner's spirit was roused by the misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine and practice it contained. It was not long before he published in reply the *Letters to a Prebendary*—a controversial work the like of which English Catholics had never seen before. The effect of this book, which appeared in 1800, was electrical. It was discussed in Parliament, attacked by the Lord Chancellor, defended by an Anglican bishop; while so great was the excitement and alarm caused by its appearance, that an ineffectual attempt was made to silence Milner by a pension: for it was feared that the controversy, if continued, would but provoke another polemic from his pen. In fact he was engaged on such a work, the famous *End of Religious Controversy*—a work even more powerful than its predecessor, as being constructive rather than destructive, proving, as it does, the Divine authority of the Church, and showing that the first principles of Christianity lead with inexorable logic to the Catholic Church. But where the proposed pension failed, persuasion succeeded. Dr. Horsley, the Anglican Prelate above mentioned, begged Milner to discontinue the controversy with Dr. Sturges. This request Milner complied with, on account of the defence of his previous work by Dr. Horsley in the

House of Lords. Thus it happened that the *End of Religious Controversy* was withheld, until circumstances forced its completion and publication some sixteen years afterwards.

These contests were soon to be exchanged for the fiercer strife of public affairs. It had become evident that one who had already fought so well for the interests of the Church, could not long remain in the obscurity of the little mission at Winchester. Before the end of the eighteenth century, death had caused important changes among the small body of bishops. Dr. Walmesley of the Western District, who had been the most prominent figure among English Catholics since the death of Bishop Challoner, closed his long strenuous life in November, 1797. Within a few months, he was followed to the grave by Bishop Berington of the Midland District, whose successor, Dr. Gregory Stapleton, was not appointed until 1801, and died on May 23, 1802, after an episcopate of little more than a year. Eight months later, Milner was chosen by Propaganda to fill the vacant Vicariate. So great was his unwillingness to assume the responsibilities of the episcopal office, that it was only after the earnest entreaties of his friends that he gave a reluctant consent. By a decree of Propaganda, January 24, 1803, approved by the Pope on the 30th of the same month, he was appointed Bishop of Castabala *in partibus infidelium*, and Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland District.

Dr. Milner was consecrated bishop in his own chapel of St. Peter at Winchester, by Bishop Douglass, assisted by Bishops Gibson and Sharrock, on May 22, 1803. After a brief visit to St. Edmund's College, Old Hall, where he preached the sermon at the consecration of Dr. Poynter, the new Coadjutor-Bishop of the London District, Milner set out for his future home at Longbirch, near Wolverhampton, which he reached on June 22, 1803. His district was large, embracing fifteen counties—Oxford, Warwick, Worcester, Salop, Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, Northampton, Cam-

bridge, Norfolk, Suffolk, Huntingdon, Rutland, and Leicester. It was an unwieldy straggling district to govern. But in many of these counties there were no known Catholics, while his entire flock numbered less than fifteen thousand. As the Bishop himself said—"it was a long way from Ipswich to Oswestry": and tedious cross-country journeys had to be undertaken, in order that the necessary visitations might be made and the Sacrament of Confirmation administered. Moreover, there were peculiar difficulties to be dealt with which Dr. Milner had clearly foreseen: for the Midland District had been the stronghold of the members of the Catholic Committee. The few supporters they had among the clergy were from the Midlands, and were, in fact, known by the name of "the Staffordshire Clergy."

While, on the one hand, the bishop seems to have accepted his position with anxious forebodings, doubtless, on the other, some of his subjects awaited the coming of their new Vicar-Apostolic with no little apprehension. During the struggle with the Catholic Committee, his character and motives had been painted by his opponents in the worst colours; and since then, calumny had been busy with his name. But on his arrival these clouds seem to have passed away very speedily; for in his first Pastoral Letter he was able to announce that peace was restored throughout his district. This Pastoral Letter, which was issued about seven months after his consecration, foreshadows the whole character of his Episcopate. His untiring advocacy of the right of the Church to the unfaltering obedience of her children, and his zeal for the encouragement of sanctity and learning among the clergy, find eloquent expression in this letter, which concludes with a reference to the pressing need of ecclesiastical seminaries, for the English Colleges at Douay and St. Omer had fallen victims to the French Revolution. At the time of which we speak, most of Dr. Milner's ecclesiastical students were placed at Sedgley Park, at which school he had received a part of his own

education, and for which he always entertained a warm affection. Hence he no sooner reached his new district than he hastened to visit the school, so that his first administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation might take place there. Among the Sedgley Park boys, who on that June day flocked to the railings of their playground to witness the arrival of the new bishop, was a little lad some seven years old, destined in after years to be Dr. Milner's friend and biographer. Nearly sixty years later Provost Husenbeth thus recalled the appearance of Dr. Milner on that occasion: "He was now fifty years of age, in full health and undiminished strength, with a florid countenance, and of robust make. He was above the middle stature, and his black hair was only just beginning to turn grey." Husenbeth further adds: "We were much struck with his commanding voice and energetic delivery in the addresses which he made to those who were to be confirmed."

All the accounts of Dr. Milner's personal appearance and manner of living give the same impression of strength—the dignified carriage, loud voice, bold handwriting, the strong likes and dislikes, the emphasis and decision which stamp even the most trivial remark that has been preserved to us. His masterful spirit revealed itself amid even the most trifling surroundings; so that in the little things of life, as well as in the great, Bishop Milner appears to have borne himself as one who was indeed a ruler among men. Though his manner seems to have been somewhat abrupt and rough at times, his real kindliness of heart and considerateness for others won for him the devoted attachment of those who lived with him. Under his vehement nature lay an almost childlike simplicity, which naturally revealed itself in his love for children. In private as in public life his straightforwardness led him always to speak his mind plainly, though at times to the discomfiture of his hearers; but he submitted readily to correction from others, while he never showed the least resentment

when he met with contradiction or disrespect. His charity to the poor was very great. His own manner of living was simple, and his dress always plain; while his dislike of all display was shown in many homely customs which he retained to the end of his life.

For the first few years of his episcopate, Dr. Milner enjoyed a period of comparative peace,—a time which he devoted to the visitation and organization of his district. In order to be more accessible to his clergy, as well as for other reasons, the bishop decided, in 1804, to give up his house at Longbirch. He accordingly left there at Michaelmas, and removed to Wolverhampton, where he resided for the rest of his life.

One of the most important changes which Bishop Milner accomplished in his district was the reconstitution of Oscott College—a work which he effected in 1808. The lay committee, which had conducted the college since it was founded in 1794, had become involved in debt, and consequently felt themselves unable to carry on the undertaking. They offered to transfer the college to the bishop, if he would accept it with all the liabilities. Rather than see it closed, Dr. Milner, after some hesitation, accepted the offer. On the feast of the Assumption he reopened the college under superiors of his own choice, and dedicated it anew to the Blessed Virgin. From that time he watched over its fortunes with the greatest solicitude, enlarging and improving the building, while he kept the administration under his supervision. He often visited the college; and when, some years later, he brought from Rome the first stained-glass window of the Sacred Heart ever introduced into England, it was at Oscott that he placed it—thus giving the college the honour of containing the first English sanctuary of the Sacred Heart.[1]

[1] This window still exists in the oratory which the bishop built adjoining the college chapel. When the new college was built in 1838, the old building was converted into a preparatory school, but subsequently became for a time the home of Cardinal Newman and Father Faber, who to distinguish it from New Oscott gave it the

But Milner's activity was not to be confined to the limits of his own district. There was work for him to do which affected the interests of all British and Irish Catholics: for their grievances had become one of the burning political questions of the day. Very soon after the Act of Union in 1801, ministers recognized the difficulty of governing Ireland so long as the grievance of Catholic disabilities continued; but opinions varied as to the best way of meeting this difficulty. Some politicians, whose view was shared by the King himself, were opposed to any concessions whatever; others were willing to grant relief, but only on condition that Catholics should furnish certain securities—the chief of which became known as "the Veto."

This Veto question had its roots in the negotiations prior to the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland. In order to commend this measure to the Irish people, Pitt had intended to pass along with it a Catholic Emancipation Bill. By this Bill he had designed to offer some State provision for the Catholic prelates and clergy —in return for which a certain measure of Government interference in the appointment of bishops would have been exacted. But though nothing came of the negotiations which Pitt commenced with some Irish bishops in 1799, the idea was not forgotten. Indications of it were given during a debate on an Irish Catholic Petition in 1805. The question of State provision for Catholic clergy it is true was not again heard of; but as regards the other question, nearly all the politicians who favoured Catholic Emancipation thought it was only reasonable that in return for it Catholics should allow the Crown a voice in the appointment of their bishops. Thus the question put to the Catholics of these islands was

name of Maryvale—a name it has borne ever since. It is now an Orphanage and Convent of the Sisters of Mercy. Bishop Milner's oratory, containing the little window and the altar at which he used to say Mass, is zealously tended by the Sisters, who have founded an association which keeps a lamp perpetually burning there in honour of the Sacred Heart.

whether restoration to their complete civil rights was to be purchased by allowing a Protestant ministry the right to interfere in the government of the Church. Many Catholics, including some of the bishops, thought that it would be well to buy their liberty at the cost of allowing the Government a negative Veto —consisting in the right of forbidding a proposed appointment. Others, including Charles Butler and many of the members and supporters of the former Catholic Committee, seem to have been ready to go to any lengths of complaisance to the Government; while others again, led by the whole Irish hierarchy, refused to hear of the Veto in any shape or form—being prepared to make any sacrifice to preserve the perfect freedom of the Church in the election of her bishops. This was the policy championed in England by Bishop Milner, who, once convinced of the danger of even a negative Veto, consistently opposed and finally defeated every attempt to introduce the Veto in any form.

It is obvious that even had all Catholics been willing to conciliate the Government in the proposed way, their consent to the Veto could not have been lawful without the consent of the Pope. Hence it is not surprising that Milner should have sought the advice of the Holy See as early as 1805, when his foresight led him to anticipate the raising of the question - although it had not then been formally or publicly proposed. He received an answer, dated September 7, 1805, "which strongly deprecated State pensions to our bishops, declared that no power could be conceded to any Protestant sovereign to nominate Catholic bishops, admitted that *a mere negative power* of objecting to candidates for the Episcopacy had fewer difficulties, but still strongly asserted that if this was ever conceded, effectual precautions must be taken to prevent the negative from growing into a positive power."[1]

In 1807, the Irish bishops appointed Dr. Milner as

[1] Husenbeth's *Life of Bishop Milner*, p. 125.

their agent in London to represent their interests with regard to the Catholic "question" thus giving him an official position distinct from that which he already occupied as one of the Vicars-Apostolic.

In the meantime the advocates of the Veto were not idle. In the same year some Catholic laymen, with the avowed purpose of defending Catholic interests in the press, founded a literary association, which in the following year was developed into "The Catholic Board" a body which took upon itself the defence of Catholic interests in general. All the priests of Great Britain were invited to become members, while the names of all the bishops were placed upon the standing committee. The Catholic Board appears to have been formally established on May 23, 1808. Two days later there was a debate in the House of Commons on Grattan's motion to consider the Irish petition for the repeal of the penal laws.

This debate marks an important stage in the history of the Veto question; for in Grattan's opening speech explicit mention of the Veto was made for the first time in public. Milner had arrived in London on May 20th, to be present at the debate, and on the following morning had had an interview with Mr. Ponsonby, who was to take a leading part in the proceedings. In the course of the conversation, Milner stated, in reply to a direct question, that the Irish prelates "could not attribute to his Majesty a *positive power* in this business; but," he added, "I believe on good ground that they are disposed to attribute a *negative power* to him." However, in the absence of definite instructions he declined to answer positively.

When the debate was opened in the House, Milner occupied a seat in the gallery. Grattan, who opened the debate, was followed by Ponsonby, who, in the course of his speech, made the astounding declaration that "the Catholic bishops had no objection to make the King virtually the head of their Church; and that a bishop appointed by the Pope, if disapproved by his

Majesty, should not be allowed to take upon himself his spiritual functions."

Milner's own pen has recorded his feelings on hearing these statements. "These assertions, as they filled every one else who heard them with astonishment, so they pierced the writer's heart (who equally heard them and on whose authority they were stated to be made) with grief and confusion." Milner at once wrote a letter to the Irish bishops, in which, while denying the truth of Ponsonby's statements, he explained what had really passed at the interview.

When the report of the debate reached Ireland, public indignation was unbounded. At a public meeting, the bishops having met and approved of Dr. Milner's conduct as their agent, passed resolutions denouncing any alteration in the mode of appointing bishops. These resolutions were so decisive, that little more was heard of the Veto for some time; but, so far as Milner was concerned, the incident was not at an end. An Irish bishop having sent him a letter, wherein his statement made during the conversation with Ponsonby was severely blamed, he wrote in reply his celebrated *Letter to a Parish Priest*, in which he considered the means by which a negative form of Veto "might be effected without violation of the Catholic discipline or danger to it." No act in Dr. Milner's life has provoked more discussion. On the strength of this letter, which he himself described as a mooting essay, his enemies then and long afterwards claimed him as a supporter of the Veto; while his apparent advocacy of a measure which on all other occasions he strenuously opposed, has since called forth various explanations. It would have been no difficult task for Dr. Milner to explain the apparent inconsistency; but such a course would have been unlike him.

As soon as he perceived the sense in which his pamphlet had been understood, he adopted no half-measures, but boldly and fully retracted it. His courage and humility retrieved the situation: misunderstanding was swept away; and the retractation only served to

emphasize his opposition to the Veto in the eyes of the world.

The decisive action of the Irish bishops, together with Milner's outspoken fortitude, rendered the very name "Veto" so suspicious in Catholic ears, that all open advocacy of it, for the time at least, was useless. But the partisans of the Veto did not cease from their efforts to come to some arrangement with the Government. If the Veto could not be openly proposed, it might still be introduced in a covert manner, so that the same end would be attained. But the question did not enter on its new phase till more than a year had passed away.

It was early in 1810 when Grattan gave notice that he would bring the Catholic question once more before Parliament. That section of Catholics which was willing to procure emancipation at any cost was at once active. The policy to be adopted was arranged at a meeting between a deputation of Catholic gentlemen and two prominent statesmen, Lord Grenville and Lord Grey, who were known to be favourable to the Catholic claims. The result of this meeting appeared in a resolution drawn up by these Catholic gentlemen in order to be proposed at a general meeting of Catholics which was about to be held. This document became famous as the "Fifth Resolution." Doubtless those who framed it hoped, that the guarded terms in which it was couched, while not awakening the suspicions of those Catholics who were determined opponents of the Veto, would satisfy the two Peers, who had demanded some guarantee from Catholics for the loyalty of future bishops. But while Lord Grenville agreed at the meeting that the *word* "Veto" was to be carefully avoided, it is clear, from a letter which the Earl of Fingall received from him some days previously, that nothing less than the Veto would satisfy him. It is equally clear, that the wording of the resolution would not prevent the Veto from being included among the securities which Catholics, accepting the resolution, would thereby express themselves willing to offer to the Government.

Foreseeing that this and other objections would be made, the authors of the resolution determined to stifle the anticipated opposition by obtaining, before the meeting took place, a sanction of the resolution from Dr. Milner. Accordingly the bishop, who arrived in London on January 30th, received an invitation to meet some friends at dinner on the following evening—an invitation which he accepted under the impression that he was being asked to a friendly gathering. During the course of the day following his arrival, he had an interview with Bishops Douglass and Poynter, at which the three prelates discussed the newly drafted resolution, and unanimously agreed to oppose it. Proceeding to the hotel where the dinner was to be held, Dr. Milner found there several Catholic gentlemen, including the secretary of the Catholic Board. What passed on the conclusion of the dinner he has told us himself: "The dinner was no sooner removed and the waiters withdrawn, than the secretary stood up and read aloud the resolutions prepared for the next day's meeting, when several voices at once asked the writer, 'Dr. Milner, will you sign these resolutions?' He then perceived the object of this extraordinary dinner, and though taken by surprise, yet, as he clearly saw the Veto in its most hideous form couched in the fifth and last of the resolutions, he immediately answered that he could not sign that particular resolution." He was then assailed with arguments, questions, and importunities; in his own words, he was "baited and tortured on every side by the company present for an hour and more, to make him consent to it, till he found relief in a flood of tears." These tears, shed by a courageous, warm-hearted man, suddenly beset by this persecution from his own friends, prove what it cost Milner to hold his ground amid such persistent opposition.

All the bishops except Drs. Douglass and Gibson were present at the general meeting at St. Alban's Tavern on the following day. When the Fifth Resolution was put to the vote, they abstained from voting; nevertheless, it was

understood that their signatures would subsequently be sought. Before the proceedings had commenced, Dr. Poynter, speaking for Dr. Douglass as well as for himself, had assured Bishop Milner that he would not sign the Fifth Resolution; and Dr. Collingridge, Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District, had joined in this assurance. Yet, in spite of these assurances, before the evening was out both Bishop Poynter and Bishop Collingridge were persuaded to sign the resolution. Dr. Milner, who had been called to another part of the room, could not believe his eyes when the signatures were shown him; but both prelates acknowledged their handwriting. Shortly afterwards Bishops Douglass and Gibson added their signatures, leaving Bishop Milner alone in his opposition to the resolution.

Wide-reaching were the evil results of this meeting: but no result was worse than the division thus produced in the episcopate. Hitherto, the Vicars-Apostolic of England had been a united body, and Catholics had always been able to look to them for guidance; henceforth they were to be at variance for many years to come.

Long afterwards, Milner thus summed up the consequences of the Fifth Resolution: "It was a resolution which separated the Irish from the English Catholics, divided the last mentioned among themselves, carried discord into the bosom of the sanctuary, distressed the See Apostolic beyond words, and at length brought forth the persecuting and schismatical Bill of 1813."

The rejection by the House of Commons of Grattan's motion once more suspended for a time the consideration of the Catholic question. The matter, however, was far from being at an end. A heated controversy on the subject of the Veto was carried on, in the course of which Milner continued his opposition to the Fifth Resolution in every possible way, urging and explaining his objections in pastorals, pamphlets, and letters. Knowing that the other bishops were still opposed to the Veto, and believing them to have been overreached in the

matter of the Fifth Resolution, he made every effort to induce them to act in concert —even kneeling to them on three different occasions—but his efforts were in vain. On the other side, attempts were not wanting to induce him to alter his opinions. On one occasion he was invited to visit the Marquis of Buckingham, and he found on his arrival at Stowe that he had been asked there to meet a party assembled for the express purpose of persuading him to give way in his opposition to the "Catholic Board." During the whole evening he remained firm, in spite of all importunities; but retiring for the night, weary and disheartened, he determined not to run the risk of a renewed attack. Rising early in the morning, he found his way out of the house, and drove off in his gig singing the Psalm, *In exitu Israel*— - "When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a barbarous people."

About this time his relations with Dr. Poynter had become very strained. This was owing, not only to the question of the Fifth Resolution, but also to serious differences of opinion concerning the treatment of what was known as the "Blanchardist Schism" existing among the French *emigré* clergy. Milner, therefore, thought it necessary to write, for private circulation, a pamphlet entitled *An Explanation with Dr. Poynter.* This pamphlet was a reply to the complaints which that prelate had made against him to the Archbishop of Dublin. The Irish bishops, seeing the interests of the Church in both countries injured by these differences among the English Vicars-Apostolic, sent Dr. Moylan, Bishop of Cork, to England in 1812, on a mission of reconciliation. This venerable prelate brought about a meeting of the Vicars-Apostolic at Durham, but without any successful result, although Dr. Milner seized the opportunity to offer an apology for any expression in his writings which might have caused pain to the other bishops, especially to Dr. Poynter.

But while the other bishops at this meeting saw no need to reconsider their course of action with regard to

the Fifth Resolution, Bishop Milner clearly foresaw the evil use that would be made of it; and his opposition to it was afterwards more than justified by the Bill for Emancipation introduced into Parliament in 1813. The provisions of this Bill not only gave the right of Veto to the Crown, but vested in the commissioners who were to exercise that right, the power to examine all documents and correspondence that should pass between the bishops and the Holy See. These were the securities which, in the opinion of the framers of the Bill, Catholics, in accordance with the terms of the Fifth Resolution, would be willing to give in exchange for emancipation. As soon as the provisions of the Bill were made public, Milner hastened to London. Since Bishop Poynter—who had become Vicar-Apostolic of the London District through the death of Bishop Douglass the previous year—would not commit himself to an open opposition to the Bill, Milner determined once more to fight alone the battle for the liberty of the Church. In a few hours he wrote his *Brief Memorial on the Catholic Relief Bill*, and caused it to be printed and circulated among members of Parliament. Besides issuing this pamphlet, which exposed the schismatical and oppressive nature of the Bill, he made one final but ineffectual effort to induce Bishops Poynter and Collingridge to join him in opposing the measure. When Milner left his fellow-bishops after this meeting—which took place on May 24th, the day on which the Bill was to come on in Committee in the House of Commons—"the success of the Bill," he tells us,[1] "on its third reading was as confidently anticipated as the rising of the sun the next morning; but," he adds, "God was pleased to have mercy on the remnant of His holy religion in this kingdom, and particularly on the individual Catholics who were blindly rushing forward to the brink of schism." In the course of debate, an amendment debarring Catholics from the right of sitting

[1] *Supplementary Memoirs*, p. 209.

and voting in Parliament was proposed and carried by a majority of four; whereupon the Bill was dropped, on the ground that with this limitation it was worthy neither of the acceptance of Catholics nor of the support of those who introduced it."

The anger of the "Catholic Board" at the defeat of the Bill was vented on Dr. Milner. At a meeting held on May 29th—after a vote of censure had been passed upon the bishop's *Brief Memorial*—he was called on to explain whom he meant by the expression "false brethren" contained in it. Dr. Milner, pointing to his chief adversary, replied: "There is Charles Butler there." Amid a scene of wild excitement a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Butler, while a further resolution was passed expelling Dr. Milner from the "Catholic Board." As he had been warned on the previous day that his public expulsion from the Board would be effected, he was not unprepared for this humiliation, which he met with dignity and meekness. Rising from his seat, he read a few words of protest which he had prepared, and then moved towards the door, exclaiming: "I hope you will not turn me out of the Catholic Church, nor shut me out of the Kingdom of Heaven." When he reached the door he paused to add: "Gentlemen, you consider me unfit for your company on earth; may God make me fit for your company in heaven!" With these words he left the room. These proceedings, which became known as "the Milner baiting," had been intended as an insult, but through the bishop's magnanimity they have served but to show his real greatness.

The expulsion of Milner from the Catholic Board was only the prelude to a series of attacks on him which were designed to destroy his credit both with the Catholics of England and with the Holy See. The first blow was soon struck. Through an intrigue of some members of the Board, he was deliberately excluded from a meeting of English and Scottish bishops, which took place at Durham, in October, 1813, and was thus placed in the seeming position of one who,

having been denounced by representatives of the Catholic laity, was now also disowned by his Episcopal brethren. Calumnious charges against him continued to be spread in all directions; so that he found it necessary to publish a letter undertaking to refute publicly those who in secret accused him of losing his temper, of being overbearing, and even of betraying confidential secrets. It is clear that in Rome these and similar charges had already been made against him, because some months before the Durham meeting he had received a letter from Mgr. Quarantotti, Secretary of Propaganda, containing a list of complaints that had been received. These charges had been disposed of by a synodical letter sent by the Irish bishops to Rome; but the matter was not allowed to rest there. The "Catholic Board," which was represented in Rome by an agent, was busy with intrigues, having for their purpose not only opposition to Milner, but an attempt to obtain the sanction of the Holy See to the principles of Grattan's defeated Bill.

The state of affairs in Rome at this time was anomalous. The Pope was prisoner at Fontainebleau, the Cardinals were driven into exile, and the regular government of the Church was thus rendered impossible. The management of affairs during this unhappy time remained in the hands of Mgr. Quarantotti, Secretary of Propaganda. Influenced by the representations of the agent to the Catholic Board, he was induced to take a step with regard to the affairs of the English Catholics, which, though subsequently revoked by the Holy See as being outside the powers entrusted to him, for the time being led to fresh complications of a most serious kind. His action took the form of an official letter, which became known as "Quarantotti's Rescript," and in which he declared that "Catholics ought to receive and embrace with content and gratitude the law which was proposed last year for their emancipation." This Rescript, which was addressed to Bishop Poynter, caused the greatest excitement in England and Ireland. Milner, seeing in

Quarantotti's action the undoing of his whole policy, immediately set out for Rome in order to lay his cause at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, who had been liberated shortly before the abdication of Napoleon in 1814, and was then on his way to take possession of Rome. Milner, leaving England on May 2, 1814, crossed the Channel in an open boat, and reached Rome shortly after the Holy Father had made his triumphal entry. Within a few days he had an audience of the Pope, who told him that Quarantotti ought not to have signed the Rescript without Papal authority,--adding, that the whole matter was to be subjected to a close investigation. For the purpose of this inquiry, Dr. Milner laid before Propaganda a complete statement of the position of affairs in England, making an offer to resign his Vicariate, if such a step should be thought to be for the advantage of religion. With this written account the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda declared himself perfectly satisfied: he refused to entertain Dr. Milner's proposal to resign, and showed him every mark of consideration and esteem. For more than a year Milner remained in Rome, pending these proceedings, until in June, 1815, he was able to return to England victorious. A letter from the Holy See condemned all the various proposals for a Veto, rejected other provisions of the Bill of 1813, and laid down the only principles on which a most carefully restricted form of Veto might, if absolutely necessary, be framed.

But though little more was heard of the Veto for some years, the Catholic question continued to occupy public attention; and Bishop Milner continued active during the ensuing years in endeavouring to create a healthy public opinion, especially among Catholics, with regard to all the issues of the question. This he did in a constant stream of pamphlets and letters—the latter appearing for the most part in various small Catholic magazines, which had then commenced to appear. As time went on, he had the consolation of seeing the other bishops adopt his point of view with regard to the

questions raised in the Bill of 1813; while, in 1818, their united action put an end to the unfortunate Blanchardist schism among the French *emigré* clergy.

Although in the affairs of his Vicariate the bishop's zeal was indefatigable, he yet found time for labours which were to benefit the Church in all English-speaking countries. In 1818, he published his greatest work, the *End of Religious Controversy*—a book written in the main sixteen years before, but which he had suppressed, until a fresh attack on the Church by an Anglican bishop caused him to give it to the world. It has been frequently declared that this book more than any other English work has led to conversions to the Catholic Church.[1] But though the volume won the applause even of Dr. Milner's opponents, his other writings, particularly his letters in the *Orthodox Journal*, gave great displeasure in many quarters. The severity of much of his writing undoubtedly furnished his enemies with a ground of complaint, of which they were not slow to avail themselves; and their representations to Rome on this point resulted in a severe letter of rebuke addressed to Dr. Milner by the Prefect of Propaganda at the command of the Pope, in which he was censured for his contributions to the *Orthodox Journal*, and forbidden to assist that magazine in any way. The bishop seems to have felt that the letter had been obtained by unfair means: but he made no defence, and accepted the reproof in humble silence.

In 1820, he published his *Supplementary Memoirs of English Catholics*, to correct the false impressions as to current history given by Charles Butler's work, *Historical Memoirs of the English Catholics since the Reformation*. In retaliation, Mr. Butler lodged new complaints in Rome, but without result, while he also failed in his attempt to raise fresh difficulties between Dr. Milner and Bishop Poynter, whose previous differ-

[1] At the present time the edition which Dr. Rivington has edited for the Catholic Truth Society seems to promise a new career of usefulness for this Catholic classic.

ences, serious as they had been, had never interrupted the sincere friendship that existed between them. They had always corresponded on affectionate terms; and Dr. Poynter's name afterwards appeared as a legatee in Bishop Milner's will, while shortly before his death the Bishop asserted very earnestly that he would give the universe to possess half Dr. Poynter's merits in the sight of God. At the time of the publication of the *Supplementary Memoirs* Milner was nearly seventy years of age; and signs are not wanting that he now regarded his life-work as accomplished. Yet he continued to guard the interests of the Church with the same watchful care as of old. Fresh controversial works appeared: and while he was engaged on these, the course of public events proved a matter of grave anxiety to him, especially the Bills introduced into Parliament by Mr. Plunket in 1821, but rejected by the House of Lords.

But the large increase of Catholics and the spread of religion in his district consoled him amid the vexations of controversy and the depression of failing health. In the autumn of 1824, while making his visitation, he suffered a stroke of paralysis at Lichfield; but with indomitable energy he struggled on, refusing to interrupt his journey till his round of visits had been completed. It was evident, however, that his strength was no longer equal to the demands made upon it; so, in the following year, he obtained the appointment of Rev. Thomas Walsh, President of Oscott, as coadjutor. The consecration of the new prelate was performed though not without strain and effort—by Dr. Milner on May 1, 1825, in presence of the largest gathering of bishops that had assembled in England since the destruction of the ancient Hierarchy at the Reformation.

His robust constitution was now slowly, but surely, breaking up; and as the year 1825 passed away his strength ebbed with it. The beginning of 1826 found him very infirm, and preparing himself for the end. In the first days of March he made a Retreat as an immediate preparation for death, having previously set in order all

the affairs of his Vicariate. On Palm Sunday, which fell that year on March 19th, he was able to say Mass ; but it was the last time that he offered the Holy Sacrifice. On Holy Saturday he received Extreme Unction, after which he handed his keys to Bishop Walsh, and desired him to take charge of all things, saying : " I have now no more to do with this world : let me turn to something more important." For a month he lingered, his only trouble being that he did not suffer more for the sake of his Divine Master. As long as he was conscious he received all the priests that came to ask his dying blessing ; but when one addressed him in the accustomed way as " My Lord," he replied : " Don't call me so any more : I am nothing now but plain John Milner, a poor sinner." When Bishop Walsh, who tended him with constant devotion, endeavoured to encourage him by the recollection of all his past labours for the Church of God, he answered : " Don't talk of any merits of mine : speak to me of the merits of my blessed Saviour." He also begged not to be disturbed in his meditations, so that he might keep himself in spirit at the foot of the Cross.

The 19th of April was the day the bishop had appointed that year for the annual meeting of his clergy at Sedgley Park. They met, but instead of transacting business retired to the chapel where they recited the prayers for the dying. About two o'clock in the afternoon, while they were still assembled, a messenger from Wolverhampton arrived with the expected tidings—Bishop Milner was dead.

Three years later, Catholic Emancipation was granted by an Act of Parliament which placed no restrictions on the liberty of the Church. The persistent vigilance with which Bishop Milner had defeated all unworthy compromises during his life, secured this victorious conclusion of the long struggle after his death.

It was his life-work, moreover, which made the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy possible, for had the Veto, secured by a Concordat, been allowed to the English Government, the action of Pope Pius IX. in

1850 would, in all probability, have been rendered impossible.

Thus Milner was in truth the harbinger of the Second Spring. Nor was his memory forgotten on the eventful day when the new Hierarchy, headed by the first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, held its first Provincial Synod; for in the historic words spoken on that day by John Henry Newman there was pictured a prophetic vision of that first Synod—"the resurrection of the Church"—as passing before the gaze of that Bishop "whose name is too great, too venerable, too dear to all Catholics to be confined to any part of England, when it is rather a household word in the mouths of us all."

THE RELICS OF THE TRUE CROSS

BY THE REV. JAMES BELLORD

I.

PROTESTANTISM is distinguished, amongst the many heresies which have at different times broken away from the main trunk of Christianity, by its peculiar sporadic or detached character. All other heresies have borne, in their creed and their worship, distinct marks of their origin, of their relationship to universal Christianity, of the epoch at which they separated from it. With the exception of the particular point of disagreement, they contained all that was found in the Church at the time of their severance, and in almost every respect their faith and liturgy continued to be in harmony with those of the other Christian bodies. The Arians, Nestorians, the Iconoclasts, the Greek Churches, the Jansenist schism, the remnant of the "Alt-Katholik" body, are all adduced by apologists as witnesses to the antiquity of beliefs and devotions current in the Catholic Church. In some cases they even testify to the antiquity of

doctrines which were not defined till long after their separation from the Church.

Protestantism is an exception to this rule. Its peculiarity, taking all its sections together, was that it rejected almost every single thing that former ages, up to Apostolic times, had believed and loved. Protestantism does not enshrine the beliefs and devotions held by Christians generally at the time of the Reformation, nor does it represent the life of any past epoch. It is true, indeed, that many disjointed fragments of earlier Christian theology are to be found in the writings of the Reformers, or in one or other of the numerous sub-sects. Luther himself has some beautiful passages in praise of the Virgin Mother; the Angelus bell still sounds from the steeples of Cornish churches; the Protestant tourist in Norway is shocked to find a Romish chasuble of the proper colour of the day lying on the communion-table in Trondhjem Cathedral; a red lamp, of now unknown significance, burns day and night in a glorious old church in Nuremburg, as if watching for the return of the Sacred Presence. Deeply imbedded in the Book of Common Prayer, there is found at times a long-forgotten sentence, a fossil from the old Ritual or Missal. Of late years the comparative anatomist has endeavoured to put these fragments into their places, and to build up, from conjecture and comparison, a model of the living organism to which those bones once belonged. But he can only make a plaster-cast. His science and his good intentions cannot infuse the divine gift of spiritual life. Except for such occasional survivals, and the modern revival of the externals of Catholicism,

it may be broadly said that Protestantism has set its face against all that was distinctive of the Christian system.

Cardinal Newman describes the religion of Englishmen in his early days as no more than a vague sentiment regarding an ever-ruling Providence. Dean Gregory, of St. Paul's, draws a strange picture of the utter neglect of all religious observances, by clergy and laity alike, a hundred years ago. The Divinity of Our Lord is hardly grasped even by the devout; the existence of hell is seldom believed; one dreads to recall the popular conception of the Blessed Trinity as formulated by Matthew Arnold. Outside the range of the neo-Catholic impulsion—which of course is no product of the Protestant spirit—nothing has remained to the unhappy people of this country but their mutilated Bible and their Sabbath-Sunday, to compensate for the wealth of doctrine and ceremonial and devotion which the tyranny of their rulers wrung from them three centuries ago.

Yet there is a way in which Protestantism does bear witness to the whole cycle of truths that form the Christian system. If Christianity and all its records were to disappear to-morrow from human ken, and if, five hundred years later, the New Zealander were to dig out a collection of Protestant Confessions and Articles and Sermons, he would be able to reconstruct from their evidence the faith of Christians from the nineteenth century back to the first. The Mass, the five suppressed Sacraments, the Real Presence, baptismal regeneration, purgatory, hell, the invocation of Our Lady and the saints, fasting, pilgrimages, vows, celibacy, incense, altars,

processions, the unity of marriage, the authority of the Church, every belief, custom, and devotion in Latin and Oriental rites, would be found certified as having existed, by the denunciations, protests, and blasphemies of three hundred years.

II.

The characteristic of Protestantism which we have just noticed is specially discernible when we turn to the particular case of relics, holy places, and the sacred emblem of salvation. Every community that has a past to boast of, treasures its heirlooms—objects of deep veneration, the evidence of its origin and historical continuity. Battle-fields, tombs and ruins, jewels, weapons, charters, portraits, are its credentials and the nourishment of its enthusiasm. Every one of the older Christian bodies, uniate or schismatic, renders homage to the places and the objects associated with Him whom they look to as their founder. Protestantism stands aloof, true to its name, taking no part in the veneration which all others show for the material monuments of the Christian past.

Protestants form the largest proportion of a wealthy, energetic, cultivated family of nations. They either occupy, or hold a dominant position in, the most important countries in every part of the globe. Below the Catholic Church, no other Christian body enters into comparison with them in numbers or otherwise. Yet, while Latins, and Greeks, and Copts, and Armenians, maintain their chapels and celebrate the Sacred Mysteries beside the birthplace and the tomb of Christ, the Protestant body has no chapel to wor-

ship in and no mysteries to celebrate. Every other Christian nation sends its own members to dwell near and guard the sacred spots ; the inhabitants of the Protestant asylums have to be drawn from the natives of the Holy Land.

Towards all relics from these holy places the Protestant is utterly hostile and contemptuous. His imagination is impervious to their influences. A temple of Vesta, a statue by Phidias, a sacred bull, the mummy of Pharaoh or the chignon from his daughter's head, a bone of Agamemnon, a brick from the palace of Sargon, will command his ready interest. But if the relic have any connection with the religious events of such comparatively recent times as those of Our Lord, his face grows hard and incredulous. This attitude arises partly from distrust of everything Catholic, and the sense that these relics are part of the title-deeds of the detested Church, and in part also from antagonism to anything that takes religious ideas out of the region of the nebulous and makes them concrete and distinct. He can endure to hear of the Redemption in language which through custom has lost its vividness, but his mind revolts at the thought that the great tragedy was enacted on that particular hill, or that such a splinter of wood is part of the very Cross on which the Lord shed His blood. While pilgrims kneel in rapt devotion, the Protestant tourist strolls past, inquisitive and contemptuous ; he seeks not for a reason to believe, but for an excuse to disbelieve.

True Protestantism has always held the Cross of Christ in unholy horror, recognizing instinctively that the emblem of salvation is peculiarly the emblem of

the Catholic Church. The agents of the Reformation revelled in the profanation of the Holy Rood. Shameful riots greeted the first attempts to reintroduce it. Less than twenty-five years ago a crowd of Anglicans took the cross from the communion-table in a colonial church, dragged it in the dust to the market square, and burnt it with execrations. Even now there are many who think it most fitting to have the graven image of an English Queen at the door of the Metropolitan Cathedral, and whose Protestant conscience revolts against the image of their crucified Redeemer within.

An object so holy, and so universally accepted and venerated by Christians as the True Cross, was naturally an object of hatred and mockery to the Reformers and their brood. Plausible reasons to justify this were not far to seek. There was evidence that the credulity of the faithful had occasionally been imposed upon by the manufacture and sale of false relics. The Church had passed stringent laws against such practices. Considering that under all circumstances there is a great deal of human nature in men, we may say with tranquillity, "it is necessary that scandals come." The bank-notes and coin of every realm have been counterfeited; ancient manuscripts of the Pentateuch have been written within the last few years; spurious pictures, bearing the signatures of living Academicians even, are sometimes in the market. Applying Protestant logic to these cases, we ought to conclude that no genuine coins have ever issued from the English Mint, that every MS. in the British Museum is a forgery, that Rembrandt and Burne-Jones never

painted a canvas. But except where Catholic relics are concerned, the general verdict would be that unless undoubted originals existed, forgeries would never be attempted.

A genuine difficulty, however, arises from the multitude of relics of the True Cross that are found about the world. We hear of many large, or even enormous fragments, and of smaller ones innumerable. Hence the idea arose that the total mass of such relics was greatly in excess of the original volume of the Cross on which Our Lord died. Catholics, however, continued to greet the Cross with the triumphant strains of the *Vexilla Regis*, while the scoffers remarked that, if all the relics of the True Cross could be brought together, there would be enough to build a first-class battle-ship.

This difficulty had occurred to Catholics at an early epoch, in consequence of the wide diffusion of the numerous relics of the Cross. A legend grew up to the effect that the great fragments of the Cross increased miraculously as smaller relics were detached from them. It had been suggested that some at least of the relics said to be of the True Cross were no more than small crosses of ordinary wood that had been applied to the real relics, like those Veronica veils or iron nails which are possessed by many churches. Others, again, have supposed that the Cross-relics have been multiplied like those of the nails. These are many times larger in volume than the original four nails : but their multiplication is explained by an ancient inscription remaining on the nail of Florence, to the effect that it is one of twelve made by order of Constantine, into which

small portions of a true nail had been worked up. A few relics are known in which thin strips of the True Cross had been inlaid in a larger piece of common wood ; but the difference of the two kinds of wood is at once apparent, and the settings have never been confused with the true relic.

The explanation, however, of the multitude of the relics lies on the surface ; it is established by the commonplace method of examining the existing relics and measuring them accurately.

III.

A learned Frenchman, M. Rohault de Fleury, undertook a laborious and exhaustive investigation into the relics of the Passion, and in the year 1870 published a monumental work on the subject.[1] The larger part of the book is devoted to the True Cross, its history, and the examination of its relics. The special object of the author was to meet the difficulty which has just been stated : he does not so much seek to establish the authenticity of each particular relic, as to inquire whether all those which are accepted as authentic could have been furnished by the wood of one cross. With this view he visited the chief cities and cathedral treasures of Europe, and examined personally almost every one of the important relics. All of these he represents by diagrams of the size of life, and adds their exact dimensions in millimetres (the twenty-fifth part of an inch). As for lost relics and a few existing ones that

[1] *Mémoire sur les Instruments de la Passion de N.-S. J.-C.* Paris : Lessort. 1870.

he did not see, he obtained from catalogues, engravings, or from correspondence with their guardians, full and accurate descriptions. He traced back the history of most of the relics, and, where it was possible, he examined their grain to make sure that they were all of the same kind of wood. This, of course, was a very important test, as proving at least that all the relics are from the same source. If there had been any considerable frauds, it is certain that the authors of them, unscientific men unacquainted with the microscope, would not have tried, and would not have been able to secure uniformity of structure in the multitude of splinters which they sought to pass off as bits of the one True Cross.

The present account is a very brief summary of M. de Fleury's work ; it does not go into all the details of the investigation ; but it will sufficiently set forth the conclusion that all the known relics of the Cross are considerably less in bulk than the original Cross of Christ.

It would be indeed a singular fact, and even incomprehensible, if no relics remained on earth of that period of history which has been of absorbing interest to every generation of men, and has been the earliest and the most lasting object of their investigations. The soil has taken into its custody the records of every epoch, and held them in security till the explorers of later days have compelled it to resign its trust. The treasury of Atreus, the palace of Priam in Troy, leases and bills from Chaldea, the minutiæ of daily life in Egypt long before the birth of Moses, pre-historic engravings from the Stone Age scratched with a flint on a reindeer's shoulder-blade,

the leaves of forest-trees that grew before the first rays of the sun shone upon the earth, all these are laid before us and accepted without hesitation. Yet there are many who have no doubt about the genuineness of the skulls and stone weapons of primitive men, and whose imagination cannot grasp the possibility that the skulls of Cologne are those of the Three Kings, or that any single object remains from the sixty years which covered the lives of Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother.

IV.

In exploration, as in every art and science, religion led the way. The first excavations, the first attempts at identifying ancient sites and objects, were undertaken by the early Church ; and the purpose was to discover all that was connected with the work of man's redemption.

For three centuries from the day of Our Lord's Ascension, Christianity was engaged in the struggle for bare existence. The faithful were few, and scattered, and poor. Frequent outbursts of persecution brought them almost to the verge of extinction. They possessed only the memory of their Founder in their traditions and sacred books. But no sooner had Christianity acquired the right to live than it proceeded to recover every possible memorial of its Lord and God.

The veneration which the first Christians showed towards the site of the death of Jesus, had induced the pagans and Jews to obliterate as far as possible every trace of that event. The mound of Calvary

was ploughed up, raised or levelled in places, and the paths to it obstructed. About A.D. 136, the Emperor Adrian ordered that the spot where the Cross had stood should be defiled in the eyes of Christians by the erection of a temple to Venus ; so that they might be compelled to render a seeming homage to paganism while praying to Our Lord. This outrage served to fix beyond doubt the identity of the sacred spot for the next two centuries. The Emperor Constantine, having embraced Christianity, deputed his mother, St. Helena, in the year 326, to search for the relics of the Passion, with the intention of enshrining them in the many Churches that he was building. It was well known that the Cross would be found buried in the immediate neighbourhood of Calvary, according to the rigid prescriptions of the Jewish law. Rabbi Maimonides, in his *Sanhedrim*, chap. xv., sets forth this law : " The criminal's gibbet must be such that it can easily be removed. It must be buried at the same time as the criminal, so that so hideous a memorial may not remain before men's eyes. The sword, or stones, or other instruments of execution, must also be buried ; not, however, in the criminal's tomb but in his prison." It is worth noting here that M. James Tissot, that most accurate of religious artists, in his series of Gospel pictures, represents Our Lord as confined in a cavern on the hill of Calvary while the last preparations for death were being made. This circumstance is mentioned by Sister Emmerich in her *Dolorous Passion*. In this or some such place the Cross would have been discovered.

After much inquiry and searching, St. Helena dis-

covered the three crosses, the title of Our Lord's Cross, and the nails ; but it does not appear whether they were found all together or in separate places. As there were no means of distinguishing the Cross of Christ from those of the thieves, the faith of St. Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, suggested that they should implore the Almighty to grant them a miraculous sign, similar to those recorded of the shadow of St. Peter in Acts v. 15, and of the handkerchiefs touched by St. Paul in Acts xix. 12. The crosses were applied to the body of a dead or dying woman, and at the contact of the third she was restored to health.

Contemporary evidence of the highest historical character proves that these events were universally believed by the Christians of that day. St. Cyril of Jerusalem, who was Patriarch of that city A.D. 350–386, was six years of age at the time of the discovery. He speaks in several parts of his works, and particularly in his letter to Constantius, the son of Constantine, of the discovery of the Cross, its preservation in Jerusalem, and the diffusion of small fragments throughout the world. St. Ambrose and Rufinus, both born in A.D. 340, describe in full St. Helena's discovery of the Cross. St. Paulinus of Nola, born A.D. 353, and Sozomene about a century later, give the same account with some additional particulars. The historian, Eusebius of Cæsarea, who died A.D. 339, makes casual mention of the discovery of the Cross, and quotes a letter of Constantine to St. Macarius in which he thanks God for that "great miracle." No doubt was ever expressed concerning the reality of these events and the genuineness of the Cross, till the Reformers of the sixteenth century

raised their general protest against all that Christendom had inherited from antiquity. Whether the discovery was brought about by supernatural means or natural, the fact itself is attested by the ordinary and sufficient evidence of history. A considerable portion of the Cross appears to have remained in Jerusalem, although the wide diffusion of its relics commenced at once. St. Helena sent a piece to Rome, where the last fragments are still preserved in the Basilica of the Holy Cross. Constantine kept another large piece in Constantinople, and some of this he had placed inside his own statue. St. John Chrysostom, born A.D. 344, speaks of devout persons wearing small particles in rich reliquaries. St. Paulinus of Nola sends a present of a relic of the Cross, and calls it an "atom." In the middle of the sixth century Queen Radegonde obtained a piece from the Emperor Justin II., in the form of a cross with a double traverse or arms ; she gave it to the church of Poitiers, where it still remains.

In the year 614, Chosroes, king of Persia, burnt Jerusalem, and carried off the True Cross to Cresphontes on the Tigris. Suidas relates that he treated it with great respect, and that the reliquary of St. Helena was intact when the Cross was recovered in 628. The Emperor Heraclius carried it back to its place in Jerusalem barefooted and vested like a penitent. Anseau, a French priest, gives the subsequent history of the Cross of Jerusalem in a letter written from the Holy Land to Galen, Bishop of Paris, in 1109. At the same time he transmits a relic of the Cross, which is one of those which he mentions as having been assigned to Georgia. He

says that, after the death of Heraclius in 636, the infidels partially burnt the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Christians, to save their treasure from further peril of profanation, divided it into nineteen pieces, which they distributed as follows :— To Constantinople, 3 pieces ; Cyprus, 2 ; Crete, 1 ; Antioch, 3 ; Edessa, 1 ; Alexandria, 1 ; Ascalon, 1 ; Damascus, 1 ; Georgia, 2 ; and in Jerusalem they retained 4. Anseau gives the dimensions of one of the four pieces, which was kept by the Latins in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. It was a palm and a half long, one inch broad, and one thick. Supposing there was a traverse of half this size, making this relic of the usual cruciform shape, its volume would have amounted to 32 cubic inches or $\frac{1}{54}$ of a cubic foot. If we may conjecture the other eighteen pieces to have been of equal size, the total thus distributed would have been 608 cubic inches, or a little more than one-third of a cubic foot.

Further subdivisions and dispersions took place at the time of the Crusades, when every bishop and prince endeavoured to secure some relic for his home. But the chief centre of dispersion was Constantinople. Riches of every kind had accumulated there during nine hundred years ; and when the Latin Crusaders sacked the city and its numerous palaces in 1204, they divided amongst themselves an immense booty, including a large number of valuable reliquaries with their relics. In accordance with this, we find, as might have been expected, that a great many of the reliquaries of the True Cross are of undoubted Byzantine work of great antiquity, and that their pedigree can be traced to some king or

knight who fought for the Holy Sepulchre. It is noteworthy too that the chief accumulations of relics are found in the cities that were on the great lines of communication with the Holy Land. Spain, which was occupied during that period with its own domestic crusades against the Moors, and had no share in the wars or the commerce with the Levant, is almost destitute of relics of Our Lord.

The will of Charlemagne, given by Villani, throws a further light on this subject. It directs that his collections should be divided into three portions, one to go to the poor, and two to the Pope, patriarchs, and bishops for distribution among churches and monasteries. Among the cities mentioned are those now richest in relics, Rome, Ravenna, Milan, Florence, Cologne, Mayence, Trèves, Rheims, Lyons, and others.

The eagerness of the faithful to possess a particle of such a treasure caused further divisions of these relics into the minute portions which are so frequently found in the possession of churches and private individuals.

The historical evidence for a very large number of the relics of the True Cross, and for almost all of the chief ones, is much the same as that which is generally accepted in regard to all relics of antiquity. The sacrificial stone of Mexico, the statues in the Louvre, an obelisk from Heliopolis, the Book of the Dead from the interior of a pyramid, a codex of the New Testament, a bronze sword, an inscribed brick, the Orloff diamond or the Koh-i-noor—these are all things which have been hidden from sight for centuries, have been discovered in their natural hiding-place,

have been certified by contemporary evidence and generally acknowledged, have then remained for centuries under adequate guardianship, and then are found to meet all the tests that a critical age applies. So it is with the wood of the Cross.

V.

In calculating the bulk of the Cross it is necessary to discover its shape, size, and the nature of the wood. Into the details it is not now feasible to enter; it will suffice to notice the conclusions arrived at, after a dispassionate inquiry, by M. Rohault de Fleury. For various reasons, in addition to the testimony of St. Justin Martyr (A.D. 103–168), St. Irenæus (A.D. 140–202), and general tradition, he concludes that the Cross was not Y-shaped or T-shaped, but what we call cross-shaped. Its size he estimates at 15 feet for the upright, $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet for the traverse or cross-beam, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in breadth, and 6 inches in thickness. According to Hebrew measure this would give an exact number of cubits, (ten and five), for upright and arms; it would be the minimum required for the purpose, viz., two cubits below the ground, one cubit to the feet of the sufferer, five for His body and the footrest, and two for the upper limb that bore the inscription. The cross-beam of one of the thieves' crosses, preserved at the Basilica of the Holy Cross in Rome, confirms this estimate, except as regards the length. The fact that the sponge with the vinegar had to be placed on a rod so as to reach Our Lord's mouth, would seem to suggest that the Cross was at least one cubit more than has been said.

The weight of the Cross has also to be considered; and this depends on the nature of the wood. Microscopic examination of a number of important relics show that they are of pine or some other conifer. A cross made of a pine-wood of medium density, and of the dimensions conjectured, would weigh about 200 lbs. Comparing the weights carried by carpenters and porters, and deducting 50 lbs. for the relief caused by the trailing of the end on the ground, it is concluded that a man of average strength might have been expected to carry such a cross for the short distance between the Prætorium and Calvary. From these data it would follow that the original Cross contained about 6⅝ feet of timber, or about 11,448 cubic inches.

A question arises about the possibility of beams of fir or pine lasting for so long a time as 300 years, when imbedded in the earth. Parallel instances are well known. Wood has come forth uncorrupted after eighteen hundred years, from the ruins of Pompeii. Of late years research has brought to light planks from the aqueduct of Zowan at Carthage and piles from the harbour, which had remained intact since long before the time of Our Lord; they are of the same class of wood as the Holy Cross.

VI.

Proceeding now to consider the volume of the existing relics of the Cross, it is well for us to bear two facts distinctly in mind. The first is the great amount of surface over which a small amount of substance may be spread out. For instance, an ounce

of gold, which makes a cube of less than half an inch, can be beaten out so as to cover 1,466 square feet. Those who prepare objects for the microscope assure us that a thickness of one millimetre may be cut into 400 slices. Secondly, we may remember how rapidly numbers increase when they are raised to their square or cube. The twelve inches that make a linear foot are a small number ; but there are 144 inches to the square foot, and in the cubic foot 1,728. The smallest division on the ordinary foot-rule is one-eighth of an inch. Of these there are 96 to the linear foot, and no less than 884,736 to the cubic foot. In the whole Cross there would be 5,861,376 cubic eighths of an inch.

The eighth of an inch is much too large a unit to be used for measuring the infinitesimal particles, such as are most of the relics of the Cross. M. de Fleury uses the smallest French measure, the millimetre. Of these, 15,625 go to the cubic inch, and no less than 27 millions to the cubic foot ; the whole Cross would contain something like 179 millions.

As we consider the individual relics, we shall find that the great or important ones are really very small pieces. They are arranged so as to exhibit as much surface as possible ; but they are so thin that we are astonished to learn how small is the cubical content of a long cruciform relic enclosed in a large and magnificent setting. The ordinary relic that is usually bestowed as a high favour on a bishop, is of microscopic dimensions ; it would take perhaps four or five to make up the bulk of a cubic millimetre. These fragments are taken from pieces detached at long intervals by the Popes from one of the relics in St.

Peter's. Inscriptions on the vacant spaces record the amount removed on each occasion. Paul IV. in 1466 took two-thirds of a cubic inch. Gregory XIV. in 1591 took one-twelfth of an inch. Pius IX. removed for distribution two-thirds of an inch in 1852, and one-twelfth in 1861. Besides these, other pieces amounting to two-fifths of an inch have been cut off. All these, amounting to about 24,000 millimetres, would furnish an enormous number of relics of the usual size.

The foregoing considerations should suffice to place a very different complexion on the question of the relics of the Cross from that which has too often been forced upon it. We shall now follow M. Rohault de Fleury more into detail, examining into the number and the bulk of the relics preserved in the principal places in Christendom, and noting the dimensions of the more celebrated ones. The measurements here given, if in millimetres, will be exact; if in inches, will only be approximate.

VII.

Jerusalem.—A very large portion of the Cross was left by Constantine in Jerusalem. When this was divided after the death of Heraclius, four of the pieces remained in the Holy City. The priest Anseau, writing in 1109, says that these were given severally to the Christians of the Syriac rite, the Greeks of the monastery of St. Sabas, the monks in the valley of Josaphat, and the Latins of the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

At the time of the Mahomedan invasion, Abbot

Martin took away a relic of the Cross. In 1187, after the defeat of the Christians by Saladin, a portion that was in their possession was lost, and could not be found, although Saladin gave orders to search for it. In 1555 Brother Boniface had the Holy Sepulchre opened, and found there three pieces, of which he took away two. According to information supplied lately by Father Hornung, of Our Lady of Sion in Jerusalem, the relics at present in the city are as follows :—The schismatic Church of the Armenians has three fragments, of which the largest measures $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $\frac{1}{3}$ inch by $\frac{1}{8}$ in. There is no authentication of their origin, but they are supposed to have been given by the Pope to the Armenians at the time of a proposed reunion of the Churches. They are universally regarded as genuine. The Latin Fathers of the Holy Land in Jerusalem have three small pieces, one of which, detached from the relic at Ragusa, (see later) was given to them by the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. The others are very small. The total of all the relics in Jerusalem amounts to 5,025 cubic millimetres, or about one-third of a cubic inch.

Rome.—Rome naturally is very rich, comparatively speaking, in these relics. The largest, preserved in St. Peter's, is called the Cross of Mæstricht. The author could not get a sight of it, and therefore took his particulars from Gretscher, *De Sanctâ Cruce*, A.D. 1616. This is the one brought from Jerusalem by Abbot Martin ; it was given to the Emperor Philip (A.D. 1198–1208), and was by him presented to the city of Mæstricht. It remained there for 630 years, and was offered in 1836 to Pope Gregory XVI.,

who had it placed in the chapel of the Pillar of St. Helena in St. Peter's. This relic is the largest in Rome, and the third in size of all existing ones. It is in the form of a cross with two traverses. The total length of upright and traverses together is about 1 foot 10 inches, and the breadth 2 inches. The thickness, unfortunately, is not given, but if it be conjectured as half an inch, from comparison with other relics, the total volume would be 418,500 millimetres, or about 27 cubic inches, or the 64th part of a cubic foot. The relic would thus correspond in size to the only other one whose measure is known of the nineteen pieces into which the Jerusalem cross was divided (see p. 14).

The relic already mentioned as having been drawn upon by the Popes for the supply of smaller fragments is called "one of the most considerable in Rome." In its first state it had a volume of 53,865 millimetres, or about $3\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches, which is now reduced to less than 2 inches, or exactly, 29,774 millimetres.

A third "great" relic, kept in the pillar of St. Veronica, is of 20,000 cubic millimetres, or $1\frac{1}{3}$ of an inch.

Two most interesting relics, each enclosed in a very ancient and magnificent reliquary of its own, are the cross of Constantine and that of Justin, which were worn by those emperors. Each consists of two rough fragments formed into a cross. The bulk of each is about 150 millimetres: a hundred such would make less than a cubic inch.

The Basilica of the Holy Cross, named from the relic deposited there by St. Helena, is often spoken

of as possessing an enormous relic of Our Lord's Cross. Its actual treasure, however, consists of three irregular pieces, measuring severally 6 in., 5 in., and $3\frac{3}{4}$ in. in length, with an average breadth of $\frac{1}{2}$ in., and a thickness of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. to $\frac{1}{3}$ in. Their combined volume is 35,320 millimetres, or about $2\frac{1}{5}$ in.

The premier Basilica of Christendom, St. John Lateran's, possesses about $1\frac{1}{2}$ of a cubic inch. St. Mary Major's has $1\frac{1}{3}$ cubic inches; St. Paul's outside the walls, a piece $\frac{3}{5}$ of an inch cubic.

Many other relics are catalogued in different Roman churches. The setting is generally magnificent, but the relics themselves are of such sizes as the 100th part of a cubic inch, or the 200th, or 10 millimetres, which would be the 1,500th part of an inch, down to two relics at the church of St. Marcellus, whose joint cube is only 3 millimetres : in other words, it would take ten thousand of these last diminutive crosses to make up a cube of one inch. The total bulk of all the relics in the metropolis of Christendom, forming the richest collection outside the group of convents at Mount Athos, is, for St. Peter's, 468,974 millimetres, or about 30 cubic inches ; for the rest of Rome, 68,613 millimetres, or about $4\frac{2}{5}$ inches.

Venice.—The great Cathedral of St. Mark's is distinguished for its extraordinary collection of large cruciform relics. The chief ones are as follows :—

1. The cross of the Empress Irene. She bequeathed this relic to the Church in Constantinople about the end of the eighth century, and thence it was taken by the Venetians at the capture of the city. The upright and single traverse measure jointly about

1 foot 5 inches, by $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in breadth, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in thickness. This is the fifth of the great relics in order of size. Its cubic content is 256,200 millimetres, or about $15\frac{2}{3}$ cubic inches. This would be the 115th part of a cubic foot.

2. The cross of Constantine. This has two traverses ; the joint length of these with the upright, is 1 foot 9 inches, the breadth is 1 inch, the thickness $\frac{2}{5}$ inch ; the total bulk is about 9 cubic inches.

3. The cross of the Empress Mary, also part of the spoils of Constantinople. It has the double traverse : the joint length is 13 inches, breadth $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, thickness $\frac{1}{5}$ inch. This large cross cubes less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

4. The cross of the Prince of Bosnia. This is about the size of No. 3, and is enshrined in a Byzantine frame of the eleventh century. It is one of the rare examples of a cross which is not of the true wood, but has a smaller strip thereof inlaid in it. A great deal of the inserted relic has been extracted, and the parts remaining amount only to about $\frac{1}{8}$ of a cubic inch.

5. The cross of Charles VIII. has a volume of 24,000 millimetres, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches.

A few smaller particles bring up the total of the possessions of San Marco to 445,282 cubic millimetres, or about $28\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches, or less than one sixtieth of a cubic foot. There are small relics in many of the other churches of Venice.

Florence.—According to the account written by Richa in 1757, twenty-nine churches in Florence had relics of the True Cross. Several of these have disappeared during the disturbances of the last century

and a half. Eighteen relics were examined by M. de Fleury in the different churches. The largest is a cross at the cathedral of a little more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches. All the others amount to about one cubic inch.

Genoa has an important relic, measuring about $1\frac{2}{3}$ of a cubic inch. The setting bears the name of Zaccari, a family which became extinct about the year 1340. One of its members brought this cross from Ephesus and presented it to the cathedral. A few other cities may be mentioned which possess small relics. Milan $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, Naples $\frac{2}{8}$ inch, Pisa three which total $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, Bologna 1 inch, Cortona $\frac{1}{5}$ inch. Turin has the cross of St. Maurice, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, and another, whose genuineness is doubtful, of $\frac{1}{3}$ inch. Padua has a relic $1\frac{1}{7}$ inches long, $\frac{1}{12}$ inch broad, $\frac{1}{25}$ inch thick; or the 244th part of a cubic inch. It is enclosed in a reliquary which is a masterpiece of fourteenth century art. Apart from Rome and Venice, M. de Fleury reckons for all Italy a total of 110,928 millimetres of the wood of the Cross, or about $7\frac{1}{5}$ cubic inches.

France.—France received as great an abundance of relics as Italy at the time of the Crusades. The greater part of them have now disappeared, but records exist which enable us to form an idea of what those treasures were.

The oldest relic was the cross of Anseau, already mentioned. It was kept at Nôtre Dame in Paris till 1793. The Revolutionary Committee allowed two persons to retain portions of it. One of them, M. Guyot, divided his share, and made it into four crosses. Three were subsequently returned to Nôtre Dame, and were described by Gosselin in 1828 as

black crosses, with smaller portions of light wood resembling pine inlaid or laid upon them ; the latter were probably the only portions of the genuine Cross. At that date they amounted to about $\frac{1}{8}$ of a cubic inch. In 1830 the archiepiscopal palace was sacked, and now the remnants of the Cross of Anseau amount only to 154 millimetres, or less than the hundredth part of an inch.

The Palatine cross of Nôtre Dame had belonged to the Emperor Manuel Comnemus (1143–1180) ; it was given by John Casimir, king of Poland, to the Princess Palatine, Anne Gonzaga of Cleves, and was bequeathed by her to the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Près in Paris. It stands 8 inches in height and has the double traverse ; its thickness is $\frac{1}{10}$ inch, and its total volume $\frac{2}{5}$ cubic inch.

The most magnificent relic known was that kept in the Palace of Bucaleone in Constantinople, appropriated at the sack of the city in 1204 by Baldwin I., and presented by Baldwin II. in 1241 to St. Louis of France. It consisted of three large crosses with double traverses, enclosed in a rich Byzantine framework. The frame and most of the sacred wood disappeared at the time of the Revolution ; but an accurate description and engraving had been published just before, by Canon Morand in his *Histoire de la Sainte Chapelle*. The centre cross was 2 feet 8 inches in length, 2 inches broad, $1\frac{3}{5}$ inches thick. The total cubic content of the three crosses was about 224 inches, or $\frac{1}{8}$ of a cubic foot. Of all these there remains now only a single block 9 inches long, $1\frac{5}{8}$ inches broad, and 1 inch thick ; its cubic volume is $14\frac{1}{8}$ inches, or 220,500 millimetres. In its

present state it stands sixth in order of the large relics.

The cross of Bourbon, described by Morand, has also perished. It stood 9 inches high, had a traverse of $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and a breadth of 1 inch.

Amongst many relics still extant in France the following are the chief :—

Baugé (Maine et Loire), a cross, the twelfth in order of size, with a length of 11 inches, breadth $\frac{4}{5}$ inch, thickness $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, and cubic volume of $6\frac{2}{3}$ inches.

Bourbon l'Archambault has a cross which came from Robert of France, son of St. Louis. It is 10 inches long, $\frac{1}{12}$ inch thick, and cubes 2 inches.

Sens ; relics received from Charlemagne and St. Louis, total volume $4\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches.

Dijon ; a cross taken from the Sainte Chapelle in Paris ; it has been split into two crosses ; volume $1\frac{5}{7}$ inches.

Bonifacio in Corsica, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches.

The total amount of relics in France, not including Paris, is now about 370,000 cubic millimetres, or 23 cubic inches, or $\frac{1}{75}$ of a cubic foot.

Belgium.—The largest relic now existing is that of St. Gudule in Brussels ; it is of 514,590 millimetres, or 33 cubic inches. It was brought from the Holy Land by Florence III., Count of Holland.

The second largest relic is at Ghent. It is an irregular fragment with a volume of 431,200 cubic millimetres, or $27\frac{2}{5}$ cubic inches. It is part of one brought from the Holy Land by Richard Cœur de Lion. This, according to Gretscher, was the one given at the division to the Syrian Christians in Jerusalem. It was preserved in the Tower of

London till the reign of James II. A clerk of the Tower gave a piece, of the size of two palms, to a Mr. Pudsey, from whom it passed to a Jesuit named Luther. He compared it with the piece in the Tower and recognized it as part of the same. A portion of this was sent to Norwich, and part went to the Jesuits of Ghent. Subsequently twenty-one pieces were detached and distributed. The author forms an estimate from certain data of the size of the pieces detached, and then, presuming that the portion left in the Tower was more than what was removed, he judges that the original relic must have been an irregular fragment of not less than 64 cubic inches, or $\frac{1}{27}$ of a cubic foot; or about one million cubic millimetres. The principal remaining relics in Belgium are included in the general summary below.

Mount Athos.—The Convents of Mount Athos possess among them the largest collection of relics of the Cross in the world. The author did not visit the spot, but obtained a catalogue of the relics with measurements from Mgr. Porphyre, vicar of the Bishop of Kieff, through the intermediary of the Russian Ambassador in Paris. The relics vary in size from 7 cubic inches down to $\frac{1}{156}$ of an inch. The total volume is 878,360 millimetres, or about $62\frac{1}{3}$ inches, or the 28th part of a cubic foot.

Limbourg possesses a very important relic, whose volume is 133,518 millimetres, or $8\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches. It is contained in an ancient Byzantine reliquary. In the time of Constantine Porphyrogenitus (780–797), it was kept in the Imperial Palace, and its authenticity was fully certified. At the sack of Constantinople it

fell to the share of the Chevalier Henri d'Ulmen de Trèves. It was at first kept in Trèves, then transferred to a convent of noble ladies on an island in the Moselle; thence to Ehrenbreitstein in 1788; and at length it was given by a prince of Nassau to the church of Limbourg.

RAGUSA possesses an enormous fragment, equal to 18 cubic inches, but its authenticity is not quite certain. The cross of King Uros was, when intact, one of the largest. Originally it was 20 inches high, with traverses of 12½ inches and 9 inches. Its breadth was 1 inch and thickness ⅖ inch, and its volume about 28⅓ cubic inches. The portion now extant is of 146,000 millimetres, or 9 cubic inches; and it is the seventh in order of the great relics.

ENGLAND.—St. Gregory's College at Downside possesses a block, 4 inches long, ⅕ inch broad, and ⅛ inch thick, with a bulk of ⅖ of an inch cubic. It is supposed to have been given by the Pope to King Alfred, who presented it to the Abbey of Glastonbury. It afterwards came into the possession of Queen Mary, and then of her chaplain, John Feckenham, last abbot of Westminster. From that time it has been held by the Benedictines.

Lord Petre has two crosses, which jointly cube about ½ inch. One of them is from the large relic of the Tower of London.

St. Mary's Abbey, East Bergholt, has a cross 2¼ inches long, with a traverse of 1¾ inches.

St. Mary's Convent, York, has a relic 5 inches long, with a volume of ⅓ inch. It is believed to have been the pectoral cross of Arnulphus, Patriarch of

Jerusalem, who had been a cleric of the household of Robert, Duke of Normandy.

At Slindon there is a relic of about $\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inch in size. It is probable that there is a relic of the True Cross in the royal sceptre of England.

The above, with some minor relics, bring up the bulk of the greater ones in England to 30,516 cubic millimetres, or almost 2 inches.

VIII.

The list of relics of the Cross given by M. Rohault de Fleury is of course not absolutely complete, and in the foregoing account only a few of the chief relics as given by him are mentioned. There must be many small ones in the multitude of churches and religious houses of Europe which he has not heard of. There are without doubt relics in Russia, Poland, Cyprus, and even in Spain and Portugal, Norway and Sweden. To mention one instance only. The Convent of Nôtre Dame at Namur boasts of several relics of the Cross. One of them, in a large modern reliquary, is about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch broad, and $\frac{1}{12}$ inch thick; its bulk would be almost $\frac{1}{30}$ cubic inch. There are also two others, much smaller, each contained in a reliquary of Byzantine workmanship. These can be traced to Cardinal James of Vitry, Bishop of Acre, who had been confessor to B. Mary of Oignies (A.D. 1200); until the suppression of the monasteries at the Revolution they remained in the Convent of Oignies.

Notwithstanding the unavoidable omissions, the ascertained facts are amply sufficient for M. de

Fleury's purpose. Several important points emerge with great distinctness.

1. The greater relics of the True Cross are exceedingly few in number.

2. Relics which present a large surface, and are contained in imposing reliquaries, and are esteemed as of great importance, turn out to be really very small pieces when their cubic bulk is calculated.

3. The vast majority of the relics are exceedingly small, and the multitudes in private possession which are never catalogued are simply infinitesimal in size, and often require a magnifying glass to make them clearly visible.

4. The whole of all existing relics and of known relics which have perished, constitute only a very small part of the original bulk of Our Lord's Cross.

The results of the inquiry may now be summarily tabulated.

I. List of the largest relics :—

	Millims.	Cubic inches (approxim.).
1. St. Gudule, Brussels	514,590	... 33
2. Ghent, fragment	431,200	... $27\frac{2}{5}$
3. Cross of Mæstricht, Rome ...	418,500	... 27
4. Ragusa, fragment	282,000	... 18
5. Cross of Irene, Venice ...	256,200	... $15\frac{2}{3}$
6. Paris, fragment	220,500	... $14\frac{1}{8}$
7. Cross of Uros, Ragusa ...	146,000	... $9\frac{2}{3}$
8. Cross of Constantine, Venice.	142,020	... $9\frac{1}{4}$
9. Cross of Limbourg	133,518	... $8\frac{1}{2}$
10. St. Paul's, Mount Athos, No. 1	117,760	... $7\frac{1}{2}$
11. St. Paul's, Mount Athos, No. 2	117,760	... $7\frac{1}{2}$
12. Cross of Baugé	104,000	... $6\frac{2}{3}$
	2,884,048	184

II. Summary of the totals in different cities or

countries. This includes all the relics in the foregoing list :—

	Millims.		Cubic inches (approxim.).
Jerusalem	5,045	...	$\frac{1}{3}$
Rome	537,587	...	$34\frac{2}{5}$
Venice	445,582	...	$28\frac{1}{2}$
The rest of Italy	110,928	...	$7\frac{1}{10}$
Belgium	963,190	...	$61\frac{1}{2}$
Mount Athos	878,360	...	56
Germany, Holland, &c. ...	967,625	...	62
Paris	237,731	...	$15\frac{1}{4}$
The rest of France	369,225	...	23
England	30,516	...	2
	4,545,789		291

III. Notable relics no longer existing, whose dimensions are known :—

	Millims. (approxim.).		Cubic inches (approxim.).
Baldwin's three crosses, Paris	3,500,000	...	
Other losses, Paris	956,000	...	
Relic of Tower of London ...	500,000	...	
Two-thirds lost of the cross of Uros, Ragusa	293,875	...	
Relic of Murano, Venice ...	320,000	...	
Cross of Troyes	130,000	...	
Distributed by Popes from relics at St. Peter's ...	24,091	...	
Losses in Belgium	60,800	...	
Loss at Amiens	4,500	...	
	5,789,266		370

From these tables we shall perceive that all the large relics existing, viz., the twelve named, make up a volume of only one-ninth of a cubic foot. These twelve relics amount in bulk to much more than half of all those catalogued by M. de Fleury.

The cubic bulk of all that he could discover during his inquiries is about one-sixth of a cubic foot.

If we add together the results of Tables II. and III.

we get as a grand total for all known existing and lost relics a volume of 10,335,055 cubic millimetres, or about 661 cubic inches. This is considerably less than half a cubic foot, which contains 27 million cubic millimetres, or 1,728 cubic inches. There remains then, unaccounted for, after a most careful investigation, a quantity of more than six cubic feet, or exactly, 10,787 cubic inches, out of the $6\frac{5}{8}$ feet or 11,448 cubic inches of the original Cross. It is hardly possible that any relics of the first class have escaped the notice of M. de Fleury; and even supposing, which is very unlikely, that there exist in convents and remote churches as many more smaller ones as those which he has catalogued; supposing even that the ordinary infinitesimal relics amounted in number to two or three millions, up and down the world, this would not account for more than one-tenth of the volume of the actual Cross.

The marvel then is, not that there should be so many relics existing, but that there should be so exceedingly few. Even making allowance for the wholesale destruction wrought by the Mahommedan invasions, the wars of the Middle Ages, the Protestant Reformation, and the French Revolution, we might have expected that the devotion and care of the Catholic Church would have been able to preserve a much larger quantity of the sacred wood on which the Son of God wrought our redemption.

CHRIST UPON THE WATERS

A SERMON

BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.[1]

Navicula autem in medio mari jactabatur fluctibus; erat enim contrarius ventus. Quartâ autem vigiliâ noctis, venit ad eos ambulans super mare. Et videntes eum super mare ambulantem, turbati sunt, dicentes, Quia phantasma est. Et præ timore clamaverunt. Statimque Jesus locutus est eis, dicens, Habete fiduciam; ego sum; nolite timere.—EVANG. SEC. MATT., *c.* xiv. *v.* 24–27.

The boat in the midst of the sea was tossed with the waves; for the wind was contrary. And in the fourth watch of the night He came to them, walking upon the sea. And they, seeing Him walking upon the sea, were troubled, saying, It is an apparition. And they cried out for fear. And immediately Jesus spoke to them, saying, Be of good heart; it is I; fear ye not.

THE earth is full of the marvels of divine power; "Day to day uttereth speech, and night to night showeth knowledge." The tokens of Omnipotence are all around us, in the world of matter, and in the world of man: in the dispensa-

[1] Preached on October 27, 1850, in St. Chad's, Birmingham, at the Installation of the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, First Bishop of the See. Reprinted by permission from Cardinal Newman's *Sermons Preached on Various Occasions* (Longmans).

tion of nature, and in the dispensation of grace. To do impossibilities, I may say, is the prerogative of Him, who made all things out of nothing, who foresees all events before they occur, and controls all wills without compelling them. In emblem of this His glorious attribute, He came to His disciples in the passage I have read to you walking upon the sea—the emblem or hieroglyphic among the ancients of the impossible; to show them that what is impossible with man is possible with God. He who could walk the waters could also ride triumphantly upon what is still more fickle, unstable, tumultuous, treacherous—the billows of human wills, human purposes, human hearts. The bark of Peter was struggling with the waves, and made no progress; Christ came to him walking upon them; He entered the boat, and by entering it He sustained it. He did not abandon Himself to it, but He brought it near to Himself; He did not merely take refuge in it, but He made Himself the strength of it and the pledge and cause of a successful passage. "Presently," another gospel says, "the ship was at the land whither they were going."

Such was the power of the Son of God, the Saviour of man, manifested by visible tokens in the material world when He came upon earth; and such, too, it has ever since signally shown itself to be, in the history of that mystical ark which He then formed to float upon the ocean of human opinion. He told His chosen servants to form an ark for the salvation of souls; He gave them directions how to construct it,—the length, breadth, and height, its cabins and its windows; and the world, as it gazed upon it, forthwith began to criticize. It

pronounced it framed quite contrary to the scientific rules of shipbuilding; it prophesied, as it still prophesies, that such a craft was not sea-worthy; that it was not water-tight; that it would not float; that it would go to pieces and founder. And why it does not, who can say, except that the Lord is in it? Who can say why so old a framework, put together eighteen hundred years ago, should have lasted, against all human calculation, even to this day; always going, and never gone; ever failing, yet ever managing to explore new seas and foreign coasts—except that He, who once said to the rowers, "It is I, be not afraid," and to the waters, "Peace," is still in His own ark which He has made, to direct and to prosper her course?

And hence so many instances are to be found in history, of the triumph of the bark of Peter amid adversity of every kind. "The floods have lifted up, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods have lifted up their waves with the noise of many waters. Wonderful are the surges of the sea; wonderful is the Lord on high." It is the Lord from heaven, who is our light in the gloom, our confidence in the storm. There is nothing hard to Him who is almighty; nothing strange to Him who is all-manifold in operation and all-fruitful in resource. The clouds break, and the sun shines, and the sea is smooth, in its appointed season. Such, my dear Brethren, is the thought which naturally possesses the mind on a day like this, when we are met together solemnly to return thanks to our merciful God for the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy to the faithful of this land. His works are ever slow and gradual; year after year brings its

silent influence and contribution in aid of the object which He may have in view; and we are unable, except artificially and for convenience, to divide into portions or stages what with Him is the continuous introduction of an integral whole. But still from time to time occur greater and more striking events, in which the past and the future are, as it were, summed up; and which, though intrinsically great, may be taken as symbols and are representatives of even more than they are themselves, of the labours and the prospects of a course of years. And such as this is the great act which we are now commemorating: it witnesses that much has been done; it predicts that much is to follow: it is the authoritative recognition and seal of the successes which God has given us, and the instrument of their consolidation. Well then may we rejoice on this day; and happily does it fall on the feast of Our Lady's Patronage, for to whom, under God, are our acknowledgments more truly due, and our expectations more securely turned, than to His all-holy and ever-glorious Mother?

Time was, my Brethren, when the forefathers of our race were a savage tribe, inhabiting a wild district beyond the limits of this quarter of the earth. Whatever brought them thither, they had no local attachments there or political settlement; they were a restless people, and whether urged forward by enemies or by desire of plunder, they left their place, and passing through the defiles of the mountains on the frontiers of Asia, they invaded Europe, setting out on a journey towards the farther west. Generation after generation passed

away ; and still this fierce and haughty race moved forward. On, on they went ; but travel availed them not ; the change of place could bring them no truth, or peace, or hope, or stability of heart ; they could not flee from themselves. They carried with them their superstitions and their sins, their gods of iron and of clay, their savage sacrifices, their lawless witchcrafts, their hatred of their kind, and their ignorance of their destiny. At length they buried themselves in the deep forests of Germany, and gave themselves up to indolent repose ; but they had not found their rest ; they were still heathens, making the fair trees, the primeval work of God, and the innocent beasts of the chase, the objects and the instruments of their idolatrous worship. And, last of all, they crossed over the strait and made themselves masters of this island, and gave their very name to it ; so that, whereas it had hitherto been called Britain, the southern part, which was their main seat, obtained the name of England. And now they had proceeded forward nearly as far as they could go, unless they were prepared to look across the great ocean, and anticipate the discovery of the world which lies beyond it.

What, then, was to happen to this restless race, which had sought for happiness and peace across the globe, and had not found it ? Was it to grow old in its place, and dwindle away, and consume in the fever of its own heart, which admitted no remedy ? or was it to become great by being overcome, and to enjoy the only real life of man, and rise to his only true dignity, by being subjected to a Master's yoke ? Did its Maker and Lord see any

good thing in it, of which, under His divine nurture, profit might come to His elect, and glory to His Name? He looked upon it, and He saw nothing there to claim any visitation of His grace, or to merit any relaxation of the awful penalty which its lawlessness and impiety had incurred. It was a proud race, which feared neither God nor man—a race ambitious, self-willed, obstinate, and hard of belief, which would dare everything, even the eternal pit, if it was challenged to do so. I say, there was nothing there of a nature to reverse the destiny which His righteous decrees have assigned to those who sin wilfully and despise Him. But the Almighty Lover of souls looked once again; and He saw in that poor, forlorn, and ruined nature, which He had in the beginning filled with grace and light, He saw in it, not what merited His favour, not what would adequately respond to His influences, not what was a necessary instrument of His purposes, but what would illustrate and preach abroad His grace, if He took pity on it. He saw in it a natural nobleness, a simplicity, a frankness of character, a love of truth, a zeal for justice, an indignation at wrong, an admiration of purity, a reverence for law, a keen appreciation of the beautifulness and majesty of order, nay, further, a tenderness and an affectionateness of heart, which He knew would become the glorious instruments of His high will, when illuminated and vivified by His supernatural gifts. And so He who, did it so please Him, could raise up children to Abraham out of the very stones of the earth, nevertheless determined in this instance in His free mercy to unite what was beautiful in nature with what was radiant in grace; and, as if

those poor Anglo-Saxons had been too fair to be heathen, therefore did he rescue them from the devil's service and the devil's doom, and bring them into the house of His holiness and the mountain of His rest.

It is an old story and a familiar, and I need not go through it. I need not tell you, my Brethren, how suddenly the word of truth came to our ancestors in this island and subdued them to its gentle rule; how the grace of God fell on them, and, without compulsion, as the historian tells us, the multitude became Christian; how, when all was tempestuous, and hopeless, and dark, Christ like a vision of glory came walking to them on the waves of the sea. Then suddenly there was a great calm; a change came over the pagan people in that quarter of the country where the gospel was first preached to them; and from thence the blessed influence went forth, it was poured out over the whole land, till one and all the Anglo-Saxon people were converted by it. In a hundred years the work was done; the idols, the sacrifices, the mummeries of paganism flitted away and were not, and the pure doctrine and heavenly worship of the Cross were found in their stead. The fair form of Christianity rose up and grew and expanded like a beautiful pageant from north to south; it was majestic, it was solemn, it was bright, it was beautiful and pleasant, it was soothing to the griefs, it was indulgent to the hopes of man; it was at once a teaching and a worship; it had a dogma, a mystery, a ritual of its own; it had an hierarchical form. A brotherhood of holy pastors, with mitre and crosier and uplifted hand, walked forth and blessed and ruled

a joyful people. The crucifix headed the procession, and simple monks were there with hearts in prayer, and sweet chants resounded, and the holy Latin tongue was heard, and boys came forth in white, swinging censers, and the fragrant cloud arose, and mass was sung, and the saints were invoked; and day after day, and in the still night, and over the woody hills and in the quiet plains, as constantly as sun and moon and stars go forth in heaven, so regular and solemn was the stately march of blessed services on earth, high festival, and gorgeous procession, and soothing dirge, and passing bell, and the familiar evening call to prayer: till he who recollected the old pagan time, would think it all unreal that he beheld and heard, and would conclude he did but see a vision, so marvellously was heaven let down upon earth, so triumphantly were chased away the fiends of darkness to their prison below.

Such was the change which came over our forefathers; such was the Religion bestowed upon them, bestowed on them as a second grant, after the grant of the territory itself; nay, it might almost have seemed as the divine guarantee or pledge of its occupation. And you know its name; there can be no mistake, my Brethren; you know what that Religion was called. It was called by no modern name—for modern religions then were not. You know, my dear Brethren, *what* religion has priests and sacrifices, and mystical rites, and the monastic rule, and care for the souls of the dead, and the profession of an ancient faith, coming through all ages from the Apostles. There is one, and only one, religion such: it is known everywhere; every

poor boy in the street knows the name of it; there never was a time, since it first was, that its name was not known, and known to the multitude. It is called *Catholicism*—a world-wide name, and incommunicable; attached to us from the first; accorded to us by our enemies; in vain attempted, never stolen from us, by our rivals. Such was the worship which the English people gained when they emerged out of paganism into gospel light. In the history of their conversion, Christianity and Catholicity are one; they are, as in their own nature, so in that history, convertible terms. It was the Catholic faith which that vigorous young race heard and embraced, that faith which is still found, the further you trace back towards the age of the Apostles, which is still visible in the dim distance of the earliest antiquity, and to which the witness of the Church, when investigated even in her first startings and simplest rudiments, "sayeth not the contrary." Such was the religion of the noble English; they knew not heresy; and, as time went on, the work did but sink deeper and deeper into their nature, into their social structure and their political institutions; it grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, till a sight was seen,—one of the most beautiful which ever has been given to man to see,—what was great in the natural order, made greater by its elevation into the supernatural. The two seemed as if made for each other; that natural temperament and that gift of grace; what was heroic, or generous, or magnanimous in nature, found its corresponding place or office in the divine kingdom. Angels in heaven rejoiced to see the divinely wrought piety and

sanctity of penitent sinners: Apostles, Popes, and Bishops, long since taken to glory, threw their crowns in transport at the foot of the throne, as saints, and confessors, and martyrs, came forth before their wondering eyes out of a horde of heathen robbers; guardian spirits no longer sighed over the disparity and contrast which had so fearfully intervened between themselves and the souls given to them in charge. It did indeed become a peculiar, special people, with a character and genius of its own; I will say a bold thing—in its staidness, sagacity, and simplicity, more like the mind that rules, through all time, the princely line of Roman pontiffs, than perhaps any other Christian people whom the world has seen. And so things went on for many centuries. Generation followed generation; revolution came after revolution; great men rose and fell: there were bloody wars, and invasions, conquests, changes of dynasty, slavery, recoveries, civil dissensions, settlements; Dane and Norman overran the land; yet all along Christ was upon the waters; and if they rose in fury, yet at His word they fell again and were in calm. The bark of Peter was still the refuge of the tempest-tost, and ever solaced and recruited those whom it rescued from the deep.

But at length a change again came over the land: a thousand years had well-nigh rolled, and this great people grew tired of the heavenly stranger who sojourned among them. They had had enough of blessings and absolutions, enough of the intercession of saints, enough of the grace of the sacraments, enough of the prospect of the next life. They thought it best to secure this life in the first

place, because they were in possession of it, and then to go on to the next, if time and means allowed. And they saw that to labour for the next world was possibly to lose this; whereas, to labour for this world might be, for what they knew, the way to labour for the next also. Anyhow, they would pursue a temporal end, and they would account any one their enemy who stood in the way of their pursuing it. It was a madness; but madmen are strong, and madmen are clever; so with the sword and the halter, and by mutilation and fine and imprisonment, they cut off, or frightened away from the land, as Israel did in the time of old, the ministers of the Most High, and their ministrations: they "altogether broke the yoke, and burst the bonds." "They beat one, and killed another, and another they stoned," and at length they altogether cast out the Heir from His vineyard, and killed Him, "that the inheritance might be theirs." And as for the remnant of His servants whom they left, they drove them into corners and holes of the earth, and there they bade them die out; and then they rejoiced and sent gifts either to other, and made merry, because they had rid themselves of those "who had tormented them that dwelt upon the earth." And so they turned to enjoy this world, and to gain for themselves a name among men, and it was given unto them according to their wish. They preferred the heathen virtues of their original nature, to the robe of grace which God had given them: they fell back, with closed affections, and haughty reserve, and dreariness within, upon their worldly integrity, honour, energy, prudence, and perseverance; they made the most of

the natural man, and they "received their reward." Forthwith they began to rise to a station higher than the heathen Roman, and have, in three centuries, attained a wider range of sovereignty; and now they look down in contempt on what they were, and upon the Religion which reclaimed them from paganism.

Yes, my dear Brethren, such was the temptation of the evil one, such the fall of his victim, such the disposition of the Most High. The tempter said, "All these will I give thee, if, falling down, thou wilt adore me"; and their rightful Lord and Sovereign permitted the boast to be fulfilled. He permitted it for His greater glory: He might have hindered it, as He might hinder all evil; but He saw good, He saw it best, to let things take their course. He did not interfere, He kept silence, He retired from the land which would be rid of Him. And there were those at that crisis who understood not His providence, and would have interfered in His behalf with a high hand. Holy men and true they were, zealous for God, and tender towards His sheep; but they divined not His will. It was His will to leave the issue to time, and to bring things round slowly and without violence, and to conquer by means of His adversaries. He willed it that their pride should be its own correction; that they should be broken without hands, and dissolve under their own insufficiency. He who might have brought myriads of Angels to the rescue, He who might have armed and blessed the forces of Christendom against His persecutors, wrought more wondrously. He deigned not to use the carnal weapon: He bade the drawn sword return to its sheath: He

refused the combinations and the armaments of earthly kings. He who sees the end from the beginning, who is "justified in His words, and overcomes when He is judged," did but wait. He waited patiently; He left the world to itself, nor avenged His Church, but stayed till the fourth watch of the night, when His faithful sons had given up hope, and thought His mercy towards them at an end. He let the winds and the waves insult Him and His own; He suffered meekly the jeers and blasphemies which rose on every side, and pronounced the downfall of His work. "All things have an end," men said; "there is a time for all things; a time to be born, and a time to die. All things have their course and their term; they may last a long time, but after all, a period they have, and not an immortality. So is it with man himself; even Mathusala and Noe exhausted the full fountain of their being, and the pitcher was at length crushed, and the wheel broken. So is it with nations; they rise, and they flourish, and they fall; there is an element in them, as in individuals, which wears out and perishes. However great they may be in their day, at length the moment comes, when they have attained their greatest elevation, and accomplished their full range, and fulfilled their scope. So is it with great ideas and their manifestations; they are realized, they prevail, and they perish. As the constituents of the animal frame at length refuse to hold together, so nations, philosophies, and religions one day lose their unity and undergo the common law of decomposition. Our nation doubtless will find its term at length, as well as others, though not yet; but that ancient faith of ours has come

to nought already. We have nothing then to fear from the past; the past is not, the past cannot revive; the dead tell no tales; the grave cannot open. New adversaries we may have, but with the Old Religion we have parted once for all."

Thus speaks the world, deeming Christ's patience to be feebleness, and His loving affection to be enmity. And the faithful, on the other hand, have had their own misgivings too, whether Catholicism could ever flourish in this country again. Has it yet happened anywhere in the history of the Church, that a people which once lost its faith ever regained it? It is a gift of grace, a special mercy to receive it once, and not to be expected a second time. Many nations have never had it at all; from some it has been taken away, apparently without their fault, nay, in spite of their meritorious use of it. So was it with the old Persian Church, which, after enduring two frightful persecutions, had scarcely emerged from the second, when it was irretrievably corrupted by heresy. So was it with the famous Church of Africa, whose great saint and doctor's dying moments were embittered by the ravages around him of those fierce barbarians who were destined to be its ruin. What are we better than they? It is then surely against the order of Providence hitherto, that the gift once given should be given again; the world and the Church bear a concordant testimony here.

And the just Judge of man made as though He would do what man anticipated. He retired, as I have said, from the field; He yielded the battle to the enemy;—but He did so that He might in the event more signally triumph. He interfered not for

near three hundred years, that His enemies might try their powers of mind in forming a religion instead of His own. He gave them three hundred years' start, bidding them to do something better than He, or something at all, if so be they were able, and He put Himself to every disadvantage. He suffered the daily sacrifice to be suspended, the hierarchy to be driven out, education to be prohibited, religious houses to be plundered and suppressed, cathedrals to be desecrated, shrines to be rifled, religious rites and duties to be interdicted by the law of the land. He would owe the world nothing in that revival of the Church which was to follow. He wrought, as in the old time by His prophet Elias, who, when he was to light the sacrifice with fire from heaven, drenched the burnt-offering with water the first time, the second time, and the third time; "and the water ran round about the altar, and the trench was filled up with water." He wrought as He Himself had done in the raising of Lazarus; for when He heard that His friend was sick, "He remained in the same place two days": on the third day He "said plainly, Lazarus is dead, and I am glad, for your sake, that I was not there, that you may believe;" and then, at length, He went and raised him from the grave. So too was it in His own resurrection; He did not rise from the Cross; He did not rise from His mother's arms; He rose from the grave, and on the third day.

So, my dear Brethren, is it now; "He hath taken us, and He will heal us; He will strike, and He will cure us. He will revive us after two days; on the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in

His sight." Three ages have passed away; the bell has tolled once, and twice, and thrice; the intercession of the saints has had effect; the mystery of Providence is unravelled; the destined hour is come. And, as when Christ arose, men knew not of His rising, for He rose at midnight and in silence, so when His mercy would do His new work among us, He wrought secretly, and was risen ere men dreamed of it. He sent not His Apostles and preachers, as at the first, from the city where He has fixed His throne. His few and scattered priests were about their own work, watching their flocks by night, with little time to attend to the souls of the wandering multitudes around them, and with no thoughts of the conversion of the country. But He came as a spirit upon the waters; He walked to and fro Himself over that dark and troubled deep; and wonderful to behold, and inexplicable to man, hearts were stirred, and eyes were raised in hope, and feet began to move towards the Great Mother, who had almost given up the thought and the seeking of them. First one, and then another, sought the rest which she alone could give. A first, and a second, and a third, and a fourth, each in his turn, as grace inspired him,—not altogether, as by some party understanding or political call,—but each drawn by divine power, and against his will, for he was happy where he was, yet with his will, for he was lovingly subdued by the sweet mysterious influence which called him on. One by one, little noticed at the moment, silently, swiftly, and abundantly, they drifted in till all could see at length that surely the stone was rolled away, and that Christ was risen and abroad. And as He rose from the

grave, strong and glorious, as if refreshed with His sleep, so, when the prison doors were opened, the Church came forth, not changed in aspect or in voice, as calm and keen, as vigorous and as well furnished, as when they closed on her. It is told in legends, my Brethren, of that great saint and instrument of God, St. Athanasius, how that when the apostate Julian had come to his end, and persecution with him, the saintly confessor, who had been a wanderer over the earth, was found to the surprise of his people in his cathedral at Alexandria, seated on his episcopal throne, and clad in the vestments of religion. So it is now; the Church is coming out of prison as collected in her teaching, as precise in her action, as when she went into it. She comes out with pallium, and cope, and chasuble, and stole, and wonder-working relics, and holy images. Her bishops are again in their chairs, and her priests sit round, and the perfect vision of a majestic hierarchy rises before our eyes.

What an awful vitality is here! What a heavenly-sustained sovereignty! What a self-evident divinity! She claims, she seeks, she desires no temporal power, no secular station; she meddles not with Cæsar or the things of Cæsar; she obeys him in his place, but she is independent of him. Her strength is in her God; her rule is over the souls of men; her glory is in their willing subjection and loving loyalty. She hopes and fears nothing from the world; it made her not, nor can it destroy her. She can benefit it largely, but she does not force herself upon it. She may be persecuted by it, but she thrives under the persecution. She may be ignored, she may be silenced and thrown into a corner, but she

is thought of the more. Calumniate her, and her influence grows; ridicule her—she does but smile upon you more awfully and persuasively. What will you do with her, ye sons of men, if you will not love her, if at least you will not endure her? Let the last three hundred years reply. Let her alone, refrain from her; for if her counsel or her work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest perhaps you be found even to fight against God.

And here I might well stop, for I have brought the line of thought which I have been pursuing to an end; but it is right to inquire how our enemies view these things, as well as how we view them ourselves; and this will lead me to ask your patient attention for a longer time.

PART II.

Et videntes eum super mare ambulantem, turbati sunt, dicentes, Quia phantasma est. Et præ timore clamaverunt.

And they, seeing Him walking upon the sea, were troubled, saying, It is an apparition. And they cried out for fear.

YES, my dear Brethren, would I could end at the point to which I have brought you! I ought to be able to end here; it is hard I cannot end here. Surely I have set before you a character of the Church of this day remarkable enough to attach to her the prerogatives of that divinely favoured bark in which Peter rowed, and into which the Eternal Lord entered, on the lake of Genesareth. Her fortunes during eighteen centuries have more than answered to the instance of that miraculous protection which was manifested in the fisher's boat in Galilee. It is hard that I must say more, but not strange; not strange, my Brethren, for both our Saviour's own history and His express word prepare us to expect that what is in itself so miraculous would fail to subdue, nay, would harden, the hearts of those to whom it so forcibly appeals. There is, indeed, no argument so strong but the wilful ingenuity of man is able to evade or retort it; and

what happens to us in this day happened to Him also, who is in all things our archetype and forerunner. There was a time when He wrought a miracle to convince the incredulous, but they had their ready explanation to destroy its cogency. "There was offered unto Him," says the Evangelist, "one possessed with a devil, both blind and dumb; and He healed him, so that he both spoke and saw. And all the multitudes were amazed, and said, Is not this the son of David? But the Pharisees hearing it, said, *This man casteth not out devils but by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils.*" So said the Pharisees; and He of whom they spoke forewarned His disciples, that both He and His adversaries would have their respective representatives in after times, both in uttering and bearing a like blasphemy. "The disciple is not above his master," He said, "nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he is as his master, and the servant as his lord. *If they have called the good-man of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of His household!*"

So it was, my Brethren, that our Saviour was not allowed to point to His miracles as His warrant, but was thought the worse of for them; and it cannot startle us that we too have to suffer the like in our day. The Sinless was called Beelzebub, much more His sinful servants. And what happened to Him then, is our protection as well as our warning now: for that must be a poor argument, which is available, not only against us, but against Him. For this reason, I am not called upon to enter upon any formal refutation of this charge against us; yet it will not be without profit to trace its operation, and that I shall now proceed to do.

The world, then, witnesses, scrutinizes, and confesses the marvellousness of the Church's power. It does not deny that she is special, awful, nay, supernatural in her history; that she does what unaided man cannot do. It discerns and recognizes her abidingness, her unchangeableness, her imperturbability, her ever youthful vigour, the elasticity of her movements, the consistency and harmony of her teaching, the persuasiveness of her claims. It confesses, I say, that she is a supernatural phenomenon; but it makes short work with such a confession, viewed as an argument for submitting to her, for it ascribes the miracle which it beholds, to Satan, not to God.

This being taken for granted, as an initial assumption from which the whole course of investigation is to proceed, and to which every result is to be referred,—viz. that the Church is not the spouse of Christ, but the child of the evil one, the sorceress described by St. John; and her supreme head, not the vicar of Christ, and pastor and doctor of His people, but the man of sin, and the destined deceiver and son of perdition,—I say, this being assumed without proof on starting, it is plain that the very evidences, which really demonstrate our divine origin, are plausibly retorted on us, as they were retorted on our Lord and Saviour, as tokens of our reprobation. Antichrist, when he comes, will be an imitative or counterfeit Christ; therefore he will *look* like Christ to the many, otherwise he would not *be* a counterfeit; but if Antichrist looks like Christ, Christ, of course, must look like Antichrist. The idolatrous sorceress, if she is to have any success in her enchantments, must feign a gravity, an autho-

rity, a sanctity, and a nobleness, which really belong to the Church of Christ alone; no wonder, then, since Satan is to be able to persuade men that she is like the Church, he is also able to persuade them that the Church is like her. Christ Himself twice was not recognized even by His disciples in the boat, who loved Him: St. Peter did not know Him after the resurrection, till St. John detected Him; and when, before this, He came walking on the sea, they at first were afraid of Him, as though He had been some evil or malignant being: "they were troubled, saying, It is an apparition, and they cried out for fear." No wonder the enemy of souls should have abundant opportunity and means of seducing the thoughtless and the headstrong, when the very Apostles, in the first years of their discipleship, were so dull in spiritual apprehension.

1. I say, the more numerous and striking are the evidences of the divinity of the Church, so much the more conclusively are they retorted against her, when men assume at starting that she comes, not from above, but from below. Does she claim to be sent from God? but Antichrist will claim it too. Do men bow before her, "and lick up the dust of her feet"? but on the other hand, it is said of the Apocalyptic sorceress also, that the kings of the earth shall be made "drunk with her wine." Does the Church receive the homage of "the islands, and the ships of the sea"? The answer is ready; for it is expressly said in Scripture that the evil woman shall make "the merchants of the earth rich by the abundance of her delicacies." Is the Church honoured with "the gold and frankincense of Saba, the multitude of camels, the dromedaries of Madian,

and the flocks of Cedar"? Her impious rival, too, will be clothed "in purple and scarlet, and gilded with gold," and enriched with "beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots." Does the Church exercise a power over the soul? The enchantress, too, will be possessed, not only of the goods of this world, but of "the souls of men." Was it promised to the sons of the Church to do miracles? Antichrist is to do "lying wonders." Do they exhibit a meekness and a firmness most admirable, a marvellous self-denial, a fervency in prayer, and a charity? It is answered: "This only makes them more dangerous. Do you not know that Satan can transform himself into an angel of light?" Are they, according to our Lord's bidding, like sheep, defenceless and patient? This does but fulfil a remarkable prophecy, it is retorted; for the second beast, which came up out of the earth, "had two horns like a lamb's, while it spoke as a dragon." Does the Church fulfil the Scripture description of being weak and yet strong, of conquering by yielding, of having nothing yet gaining all things, and of exercising power without wealth or station? This wonderful fact, which ought surely to startle the most obstinate, is assigned, not to the power of God, but to some political art or conspiracy. Angels walk the earth in vain; to the gross prejudice of the multitude their coming and going is the secret plotting, as they call it, of "monks and Jesuits." Good forsooth it cannot, shall not be; rather believe anything than that it comes from God; believe in a host of invisible traitors prowling about and disseminating doctrine adverse to your own, believe us to be liars and deceivers, men of

blood, ministers of hell, rather than turn your minds, by way of solving the problem, to the possibility of our being what we say we are, the children and servants of the true Church. There never was a more successful artifice than this, which the author of evil has devised against his Maker, that God's work is not God's but his own. He has spread this abroad in the world, as thieves in a crowd escape by giving the alarm; and men, in their simplicity, run away from Christ as if Christ were he, and run into his arms as if he were Christ.

2. And if Satan can so well avail himself even of the gifts and glories of the Church, it is not wonderful that he can be skilful also in his exhibition and use of those offences and scandals which are his own work in her now or in former times. My Brethren, she has scandals, she has a reproach, she has a shame; no Catholic will deny it. She has ever had the reproach and shame of being the mother of children unworthy of her. She has good children;—she has many more bad. Such is the will of God, as declared from the beginning. He might have formed a pure Church; but He has expressly predicted that the cockle, sown by the enemy, shall remain with the wheat, even to the harvest at the end of the world. He pronounced that His Church should be like a fisher's net, gathering of every kind, and not examined till the evening. Nay, more than this, He declared that the bad and imperfect should far surpass the good. "Many are called," He said, "but few are chosen"; and His Apostle speaks of "a remnant saved according to the election of grace." There is ever, then, an abundance of

materials in the lives and the histories of Catholics, ready to the use of those opponents who, starting with the notion that the Holy Church is the work of the devil, wish to have some corroboration of their leading idea. Her very prerogative gives special opportunity for it; I mean, that she is the Church of all lands and of all times. If there was a Judas among the Apostles, and a Nicholas among the deacons, why should we be surprised that in the course of eighteen hundred years, there should be flagrant instances of cruelty, of unfaithfulness, of hypocrisy, or of profligacy, and that not only in the Catholic people, but in high places, in royal palaces, in bishops' households, nay, in the seat of St. Peter itself? Why need it surprise, if in barbarous ages, or in ages of luxury, there have been bishops, or abbots, or priests, who have forgotten themselves and their God, and served the world or the flesh, and have perished in that evil service? What triumph is it, though in a long line of between two and three hundred popes, amid martyrs, confessors, doctors, sage rulers, and loving fathers of their people, one, or two, or three are found who fulfil the Lord's description of the wicked servant who began "to strike the manservants and maidservants, and to eat and drink and be drunk"? What will come of it, though we grant that at this time or that, here or there, mistakes in policy, or ill-advised measures, or timidity, or vacillation in action, or secular maxims, or inhumanity, or narrowness of mind have seemed to influence the Church's action or her bearing towards her children? I can only say that, taking man as he is, it would be a miracle were such

offences altogether absent from her history. Consider what it is to be left to oneself and one's conscience, without others' judgment on what we do, which at times is the case with all men; consider what it is to have easy opportunities of sinning; and then cast the first stone at churchmen who have abused their freedom from control or independence of criticism. My Brethren, with such considerations before me, I do not wonder that these scandals take place; which, of course, are the greater in proportion as the field on which they are found is larger and wider, and the more shocking in proportion as the profession of sanctity, under which they exhibit themselves, is more prominent. What religious body can compare with us in duration or in extent? There are crimes enough to be found in the members of all denominations: if there are passages in our history, the like of which do not occur in the annals of Wesleyanism or of Independency, or the other religions of the day, recollect there have been no Anabaptist pontiffs, no Methodist kings, no Congregational monasteries, no Quaker populations. Let the tenets of Irving or Swedenborg spread, as they never can, through the world, and we should see if, amid the wealth, and power, and station which would accrue to their holders, they would bear their faculties more meekly than Catholics have done.

Come, my Brethren, I will use a very homely illustration; suffer it, if it be but apposite. You know what a sensation railway accidents occasion. Why? because so enormous are the physical and mechanical forces which are put in motion in

that mode of travelling, that, if an accident occurs, it must be gigantic. It is horrible from the conditions under which it takes place. In consequence, it impresses the imagination beyond what the reason can warrant; so that you may fall in with persons, who, on hearing, and much more, on undergoing such a misfortune, are not slow to protest that they never will travel by a railroad again. But sober men submit the matter to a more exact investigation. They do not suffer their minds to be fastened down or carried away by the thought of one or two casualties which shock them. They consider the number of lines, the frequency of trains, the multitude of passengers; they have recourse to the returns, and they calculate the average of accidents, and determine the percentage. And then they contrast with the results thus obtained the corresponding results which coach travelling supplies, and they end, perhaps, by coming to the conclusion that, in matter of fact, the rail is safer than the road; and yet still, in spite of these undeniable facts, there are timid persons, whose imagination is more active than their reason, and who are so arrested by the exceptions, few as they are, that they cannot get themselves to contemplate the rule. In consequence they protest as steadily as before, that steam travelling is perilous and suicidal, and that they never will travel except by coach. Oh, my Brethren, there are many such alarmists in religion; they dress out in tract or pamphlet, they cut out and frame, some special story of tyranny, or fraud, or immorality in the long history of world-wide Catholicism, and that to them is simply Catholicism,—that to them is

nothing short of a picture, a definition of Catholicism. They shrink from the great road of travel which God has appointed, and they run, as I may say, their own private conveyance, be it Wesleyanism, or Anglicanism, or Dissent, on their own track, as safer, surer, pleasanter, than the Catholic way of passage, because that passage is not secure from danger and mishap. And if this frame of mind is possible in a matter of this life, into which prejudice, and especially religious prejudice, does not enter, much more commonly and fatally will it obtain, when men are not looking for reasons to ascertain a point, but for arguments to defend it.

3. You see, my Brethren, from what I have been saying, how it is that on the one hand, the visible prerogatives of Catholicism do but make men suspicious of it, while on the other its scandals are sure to fill them with dread and horror. But now let me pursue the matter further; let me attempt to trace out more fully how the English mind, in these last centuries, has come to think there is nothing good in that Religion, which it once thought the very teaching of the Most High. Consider, then, this: most men, by nature, dislike labour and trouble; if they labour, as they are obliged to do, they do so *because* they are obliged. They exert themselves under a stimulus or excitement, and just as long as it lasts. Thus they labour for their daily bread, for their families, or for some temporal object which they desire; but they do not take on them the trouble of doing so without some such motive cause. Hence, in religious matters, having no urgent appetite after truth, or desire to please God, or fear of the consequences of displeasing Him, or

detestation of sin, they take what comes, they form their notions at random, they are moulded passively from without, and this is what is commonly meant by "private judgment." "Private judgment" commonly means passive impression. Most men in this country like opinions to be brought to them, rather than to be at the pains to go out and seek for them. They like to be waited on, they like to be consulted for, they like to be their own centre. As great men have their slaves or their body servants for every need of the day, so, in an age like this, when every one reads and has a voice in public matters, it is indispensable that they should have persons to provide them with their ideas, the clothing of their mind, and that of the best fashion. Hence the extreme influence of periodical publications at this day, quarterly, monthly, or daily; these teach the multitude of men what to think and what to say. And thus it is that, in this age, every one is, intellectually, a sort of absolute king, though his realm is confined to himself or to his family; for at least he can think and say, though he cannot do, what he will, and that with no trouble at all, because he has plenty of intellectual servants to wait on him. Is it to be supposed that a man is to take the trouble of finding out truth himself, when he can pay for it? So his only object is to have cheap knowledge; that he may have his views of revelation, and dogma, and policy, and conduct,—in short of right and wrong,—ready to hand, as he has his tablecloth laid for his breakfast, and the materials provided for the meal. Thus it is, then, that the English mind grows up into its existing character.

There are nations naturally so formed for speculation, that individuals, almost as they eat and drink and work, will originate doctrines and follow out ideas; they, too, of course, have their own difficulties in submitting to the Church, but such is not the Englishman. He is in his own way the creature of circumstances; he is bent on action, but as to opinion, he takes what comes, only he bargains not to be teased or troubled about it. He gets his opinions anyhow, some from the nursery, some at school, some from the world, and has a zeal for them, because they are his own. Other men, at least, exercise a judgment upon them, and prove them by a rule. He does not care to do so, but he takes them as he finds them, whether they fit together or not, and makes light of the incongruity, and thinks it a proof of common sense, good sense, strong shrewd sense, to do so. All he cares for is, that he should not be put to rights; of that he is jealous enough. He is satisfied to walk about, dressed just as he is. As opinions come, so they must stay with him: and, as he does not like trouble in his acquisition of them, so he resents criticism in his use.

When, then, the awful form of Catholicism, of which he has already heard so much good and so much evil—so much evil which revolts him, so much good which amazes and troubles him—when this great vision, which hitherto he has known from books and from rumour, but not by sight and hearing, presents itself before him, it finds in him a very different being from the simple Anglo-Saxon to whom it originally came. It finds in him a being, not of rude nature, but of formed habits,

averse to change and resentful of interference; a being who looks hard at it, and repudiates and loathes it, first of all, because, if listened to, it would give him much trouble. He wishes to be let alone; but here is a teaching which purports to be revealed, which would mould his mind on new ideas, which he has to learn, and which, if he cannot learn thoroughly, he must borrow from strangers. The very notion of a theology or a ritual frightens and oppresses him; it is a yoke, because it makes religion difficult, not easy. There is enough of labour in learning matters of this life, without concerning oneself with the revelations of another. He does not choose to believe that the Almighty has told us so many things, and he readily listens to any person or argument maintaining the negative. And, moreover, he resents the idea of interference itself; "an Englishman's house is his castle"; a maxim most salutary in politics, most dangerous in moral conduct. He cannot bear the thought of not having a will of his own, or an opinion of his own, on any given subject of inquiry, whatever it be. It is intolerable, as he considers, not to be able, on the most awful and difficult of subjects, to think for oneself; it is an insult to be told that God has spoken and superseded investigation.

4. And, further still, consider this: strange as it may be to those who do not know him, he really believes in that accidental collection of tenets, of which I have been speaking; habit has made it all natural to him, and he takes it for granted; he thinks his own view of things as clear as day, and every other view irrational and ludicrous. In good

faith and in sincerity of heart, he thinks the Englishman knows more about God's dealings with men, than any one else; and he measures all things in heaven and earth by the floating opinions which have been drifted into his mind. And especially is he satisfied and sure of his *principles;* he conceives them to be the dictates of the simplest and most absolute sense, and it does not occur to him for a moment, that objective truth claims to be sought, and a revealed doctrine requires to be ascertained. He himself is the ultimate sanction and appellate authority of all that he holds. Putting aside, then, the indignation which, under these circumstances, he naturally feels in being invited to go to school again, his present opinions are an effectual bar to his ever recognizing the divine mission of Catholicism; for he criticizes Catholicism simply by those opinions themselves which are antagonists of it, and takes his notes of truth and error from a source which is already committed against it. And thus you see that frequent occurrence, of really worthy persons unable to reconcile their minds, do what they will, to the teaching and the ways of the Catholic Church. The more they see of her members, the more their worst suspicions are confirmed. They did not wish, they say, to believe the popular notions of her anti-Christian character; but, really, after what they have seen of her authorities and her people, nothing is left to them but an hostility to her, which they are loth to adopt. They wish to think the best of every one; but this ecclesiastical measure, that speech, that book, those persons, those expressions, that line of thought, those realized results, all tend one way, and force them to unlearn a charitableness

which is as pernicious as it is illusory. Thus, my Brethren, they speak; alas, they do not see that they are assuming the very point in dispute; for the original question is, whether Catholics or they are right in their respective principles and views, and to decide it merely by what is habitual to themselves is to exercise the double office of accuser and judge. Yet multitudes, of sober and serious minds and well-regulated lives, look out upon the Catholic Church, and shrink back again from her presence, on no better reasons than these. They cannot endure her; their whole being revolts from her; she leaves, as they speak, a bad taste in their mouths; all is so novel, so strange, so unlike what is familiar to them, so unlike the Anglican prayer-book, so unlike some favourite author of their own, so different from what they would do or say themselves, requires so much explanation, is so strained and unnatural, so unreal and extravagant, so unquiet, nay, so disingenuous, so unfeeling, that they cannot even tolerate it. The Mass is so difficult to follow, and we say prayers so very quickly, and we sit when we should stand, and we talk so freely when we should be reserved, and we keep Sunday so differently from them, and we have such notions of our own about marriage and celibacy, and we approve of vows, and we class virtues and sins on so unreasonable a standard; these and a thousand such details are, in the case of numbers, decisive proofs that we deserve the hard names which are heaped on us by the world.

5. Recollect, too, my Brethren, that a great part of the actions of every day, when narrowly looked into, are neither good nor bad in themselves, but

only in relation to the persons who do them, and the circumstances or motives under which they are done. There are actions, indeed, which no circumstances can alter; which, at all times, and in all places, are duties or sins. Veracity, purity, are always virtues—blasphemy, always a sin; but to speak against another, for instance, is not always detraction, and swearing is not always taking God's name in vain. What is right in one person, may be wrong in another; and hence the various opinions which are formed of public men, who, for the most part, cannot be truly judged, except with a knowledge of their principles, characters, and motives. Here is another source of misrepresenting the Church and her servants; much of what they do admits both of a good interpretation and a bad; and when the world, as I have supposed, starts with the hypothesis that we are hypocrites or tyrants, that we are unscrupulous, crafty, and profane, it is easy to see how the very same actions which it would extol in its friends, it will unhesitatingly condemn in the instance of the objects of its hatred or suspicion. When men live in their own world, in their own habits and ways of thought, as I have been describing, they contract, not only a narrowness, but what may be called a one-sidedness of mind. They do not judge of us by the rules they apply to the conduct of themselves and each other; what they praise or allow in those they admire is an offence to them in us. Day by day, then, as it passes, furnishes, as a matter of course, a series of charges against us, simply because it furnishes a succession of our sayings and doings. Whatever we do, whatever we do not do, is a demonstration

against us. Do we argue? men are surprised at our insolence or effrontery; are we silent? we are underhand and deep. Do we appeal to the law? it is in order to evade it; do we obey the Church? it is a sign of our disloyalty. Do we state our pretensions? we blaspheme; do we conceal them? we are liars and hypocrites. Do we display the pomp of our ceremonial, and the habits of our Religious? our presumption has become intolerable; do we put them aside and dress as others? we are ashamed of being seen, and skulk about as conspirators. Did a Catholic priest cherish doubts of his faith? it would be an interesting and touching fact, suitable for public meetings; does a Protestant minister, on the other hand, doubt of the Protestant opinions? he is but dishonestly eating the bread of the Establishment. Does a Protestant exclude Catholic books from his house? he is a good father and master; does a Catholic do the same with Protestant tracts? he is afraid of the light. Protestants may ridicule a portion of our Scriptures under the name of the Apocrypha: we may not denounce the mere Protestant translation of the Bible. Protestants are to glory in their obedience to their ecclesiastical head; we may not be faithful to ours. A Protestant layman may determine and propound all by himself the terms of salvation; we are bigots and despots, if we do but proclaim what a thousand years have sanctioned. The Catholic is insidious, when the Protestant is prudent; the Protestant frank and honest, when the Catholic is rash or profane. Not a word that we say, not a deed that we do, but is viewed in the medium of that one idea, by the light of that one prejudice, which our

enemies cherish concerning us; not a word or a deed but is grafted on the original assumption that we certainly come from below, and are the servants of Antichrist.

6. Now, my dear Brethren, I have not said a word of much more that might be insisted on, and of the greatest importance. I have not said a word of the unhappy interest that men have in denying a Religion so severe against the wilful sinner as ours is:—no one likes a prophet of evil. Nor have I shown you, as I might, how natural it is, that they who sit at home and judge of all things by their personal experience of what is possible, and their private notion of what is good, should, humanly speaking, be incapable of faith in religious mysteries, such as ours. They think nothing true which is strange to them; and, in consequence, they consider our very doctrines a simple refutation of our claims. Nor, again, have I spoken of the misrepresentations and slanders with which the father of lies floods the popular mind, and which are so safe to utter, because they are, as he knows, so welcome to hear. Alas! there is no calumny too gross for the credulity of our countrymen, no imputation on us so monstrous which they will not drink up greedily like water. There is a demand for such fabrications, and there is a consequent supply; our antiquity, our vastness, our strangeness, our successes, our unmovableness, all require a solution; and the impostor is hailed as a prophet, who will extemporize against us some tale of blood, and the orator as an evangelist, who points to some real scandal of the Church, dead and gone, man or measure, as the pattern fact of Catholicism. And thus it comes to pass that we are

distrusted, feared, hated, and ridiculed, whichever way we look; all parties, the most hostile to each other, are still more hostile to us, and will combine in attacking us. No one but is brave enough to spurn us; it is no cowardice to accuse us when we cannot answer, no cruelty to fasten on us what we detest. We are fair game for all comers. Other men they view and oppose in their doctrines, but us they oppose in our persons; we are thought morally and individually corrupt, we have not even natural goodness; we are not merely ignorant of the new birth, but are signed and sealed as the ministers of the evil one. We have his mark on our foreheads. That we are living beings with human hearts and keen feelings, is not conceived; no, the best we can expect is to be treated as shadows of the past, names a thousand miles away, abstractions, commonplaces, historical figures, or dramatic properties, waste ground on which any load of abuse may be shot, the convenient conductors of a distempered political atmosphere, who are not Englishmen, who have not the right of citizens, nor any claim for redress, nor any plea for indulgence, but who are well off, forsooth, if they are allowed so much as to pollute this free soil with their odious presence.

And thus we are thrown back on ourselves: for nothing we can do on the stage of the world, but is turned against us as an offence. Our most innocent actions, our attempts to please the community, our sanguine expectations of conciliating our foes, our expressions of love, are flung back upon us with scorn, to our pain and disappointment. Our simplicity, inexperience of life, ignorance of human nature, or want of tact and prudence, are put down

to duplicity; and the more honest and frank are our avowals, the more certainly it is thought that a fraud lurks in the background. We are never so double-dealing as when we are candid. We are never so deep as when we have been accused and acquitted. Thus we find ourselves quite at fault how anything we do is likely to be taken; and at length, with wounded feelings, we determine to let it alone, as never knowing where to find men, or how to treat them. I have often been reminded, my Brethren, by these circumstances of ours, of the complication, not uncommon, I think, in the fictions of a popular writer who died some twenty years ago. He delights to represent innocent persons involved in circumstances which plausibly convict them of guilt, and which they are unable satisfactorily to explain. I think I recollect a young man who is accused of treason, and who, when fact after fact is brought forward to his disadvantage, conscious of his innocence, yet feeling the ingenuity of the allegation, and the speciousness of the evidence by which it is supported, and, moreover, the prejudice and cold suspicion of his judge, bursts into tears, buries his head in his hands, and refuses to answer any more interrogatories. "Do your worst," he seems to say, "not a word more shall you extract from me. You refuse to believe me; cease to question me. You are determined I am guilty; make the most of your persuasion." What is there represented in fiction happens to us in fact. We are innocent, we seem guilty, we despair of the vindication which we deserve; but we do not bury our faces in our hands, we raise our hands and our faces to our Redeemer. "As the eyes of servants are on the

hands of their masters, and the eyes of the handmaid are on the hands of her mistress, so are our eyes unto the Lord our God, until He have mercy upon us. Have mercy on us, O Lord; have mercy on us, for we are greatly filled with contempt. We are a reproach to the rich and a contempt to the proud." To Thee do we appeal, O true Judge, for Thou seest us. We care not for man while we have Thee. We can afford to part with the creature while we have the Creator. We can endure "the snare of an unjust tongue, and the lips of them that forge lies," while we have Thy presence in our assemblies, and Thy witness and Thy approval in our hearts.

We do not, then, we cannot, rejoice in a mere worldly temper or in a political tone, on occasion of the event which we are celebrating to-day: no, we are too conscious both of our divine prerogatives and our high destiny, and again of the weight of that calumny and reproach which is our cross. We rejoice, not "as those who rejoice in the harvest, or as conquerors rejoice when they divide the spoils." We rejoice surely, but solemnly, religiously, courageously, as the priests of the Lord when they were carrying into battle "the ark of the Lord, the God of the whole earth." We rejoice, as those who love men's souls so well that they would go through much to save them, yet love God more, and find the full reward of all disappointments in Him; as those whose work lies with sinners, but whose portion is with the saints. We love you, O men of this generation, but we fear you not. Understand well and lay it to heart, that we will do the work of God and fulfil our mission, with your consent, if we

can get it, but in spite of you, if we cannot. You cannot touch us except in a way of which you do not dream, by the arm of force; nor do we dream of asking for more than that which the Apostle claimed, freedom of speech, "an open door," which, through God's grace, will be "evident," though there be "many adversaries." We do but wish to subdue you by appeals to your reason and to your heart; give us but a fair field and due time, and we hope to gain our point. I do not say that we shall gain it in this generation; I do not say we shall gain it without our own suffering; but we look on to the future, and we do not look at ourselves. As to ourselves, the world has long ago done its worst against us: long ago has it seasoned us for this encounter. In the way of obloquy and ridicule it has exhausted upon us long since all it had to pour, and now it is resourceless. More it cannot say against us than it has said already. We have parted company with it for many years; we have long chosen our portion with the old faith once delivered to the saints, and we have intimately comprehended that a penalty is attached to the profession. No one proclaims the truth to a deceived world, but will be treated himself as a deceiver. We know our place and our fortunes: to give a witness, and to be reviled; to be cast out as evil, and to succeed. Such is the law which the Lord of all has annexed to the promulgation of the truth: its preachers suffer, but its cause prevails. Joyfully have we become a party to this bargain; and as we have resigned ourselves to the price, so we intend, by God's aid, to claim the compensation.

Fear not, therefore, dear Brethren of the house-

hold of faith, any trouble that may come upon us, or upon you, if trouble be God's will ; trouble will but prove the simplicity of our and your devotion to Him. When our Lord walked on the sea, Peter went out to meet Him, and, "seeing the wind strong he was afraid." Doubt not that He, who caught the disciple by the hand, will appear to rescue you ; doubt not that He, who could tread the billows so securely, can self-sustained bear any weight your weakness throws upon Him, and can be your immovable refuge and home amid the tossing and tumult of the storm. The waves roared round the Apostle, they could do nothing more : they could but excite his fear ; they could but assault his faith ; they could not hurt him but by tempting him ; they could not overcome him except through himself. While he was true to himself, he was safe ; when he feared and doubted, he began to sink. So it is now : "your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about :" it is all he can do. So says the great Saint Antony, the first monk, who lived his long life in the Egyptian desert, and had abundant experience of conflicts with the evil one. He tells his children that bad spirits make a noise and clatter, and shout and roar, because they have nothing else to do ; it is their way of driving us from our Saviour. Let us be true to ourselves, and the blustering wind will drop, the furious sea will calm. No, I fear not, my Brethren, this momentary clamour of our foe : I fear not this great people, among whom we dwell, of whose blood we come, and who have still, under the habits of these later centuries, the rudiments of that faith by which, in the beginning, they were new-born to God : who

still, despite the loss of heavenly gifts, retain the love of justice, manly bearing, and tenderness of heart, which Gregory saw in their very faces. I have no fear about our Holy Father, whose sincerity of affection towards his ancient flock, whose simplicity and truthfulness I know full well. I have no fear about the zeal of the college of our bishops, the sanctity of the body of our clergy, or the inward perfection of our Religious. One thing alone I fear. I fear the presence of sin in the midst of us. My Brethren, the success of the Church lies not with pope, or bishops, or priests, or monks; it rests with yourselves. If the present mercies of God come to nought, it will be because sin has undone them. The drunkard, the blasphemer, the unjust dealer, the profligate liver,—these will be our ruin; the open scandal, the secret sin known only to God, these form the devil's real host. We can conquer every foe but these: corruption, hollowness, neglect of mercies, deadness of heart, worldliness,—these will be too much for us.

And, O my dear Brethren, if, through God's mercy, you are among those who are shielded from these more palpable dangers and more ordinary temptations of humanity, then go on to pray for all who are in a like state with yourselves, that we may all "forget the things that are behind, and stretch forth to those that are before"; that we may "join with faith, virtue, and with virtue, knowledge, and with knowledge, abstinence, and with abstinence, patience, and with patience, pity, and with pity, love of brotherhood, and with love of brotherhood, charity." Pray that we may not come short of that destiny to which God calls us; that we may be visited by His

effectual grace, enabling us to break the bonds of lukewarmness and sloth, to command our will, to rule our actions through the day, to grow continually in devotion and fervour of spirit, and, while our natural vigour decays, to feel that keener energy which comes from heaven.

THE STORY OF MARY.

In a large workroom of an orphanage in London, a group of elder girls was sitting. The Sister in charge had left a few minutes before, and so the children chattered freely to one another.

"I hope I shall be going to service soon," exclaimed a tall, fair girl, who was busy putting the last stitches to a lady's night-gown. "I am sick to death of this place and the work and the whole thing, and I'm sure it's high time I should do something."

"Well, I don't feel as you do," replied a young, modest-looking girl, whom we shall call Mary. "I have been here so long now that it is to me like home, and I should feel strange in a new place."

"Mark my words," cried a third, whose name was Theresa, in a loud merry voice, "things always go by contraries in this blessed world: you'll see that Mary will be the first to be sent off; and you, Bessie, will have to stay on, for I heard Sister Agnes say only the other day, that she didn't know what she should do when all the big, strong girls left the Home—there would be no one to do the work."

Bessie pouted, but further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the Superior with a pleasant-looking lady of about thirty, accompanied by a sturdy

little boy of six. The children, of course, all rose, and the Superior, touching Mary on the shoulder, said :—

"This is the girl I thought of for you, Mrs. Bristowe. She is a very good needlewoman, and has given us great satisfaction during the time she has been here."

"May I speak to her alone for a few moments?" asked the lady.

On the Superior's assenting, Mary was desired to follow the lady into the next room, where she was very kindly spoken to, and asked if she would mind going to Australia. Mary started, and Mrs. Bristowe continued :—

"My husband has an appointment in Sydney, and I am going out to meet him with my two children—the little boy you saw and a baby girl. I want a girl like you to help me with them and be their nursery-maid. Of course I should superintend everything myself; so what I chiefly want is a girl of good principle and a good Catholic, who will be nice and gentle with the children, and teach them holy and good ways when I am not by. Will you do this?"

The Superior at that moment came in, and Mary looked inquiringly from one to the other, not knowing what answer to give.

"I think you may say 'Yes,' Mary, to Mrs. Bristowe's offer," replied the Superior: "she is a very kind, good mistress. And you, madam," she continued, turning to the lady, "will, I am sure, be pleased with Mary. She is an orphan, and has no parents or brothers or sisters to leave—only an old aunt, who supported her before she came in here. But she is of a very respectable family,

and has always borne a good character. She is also a beautiful needlewoman, and very handy with children. I can always trust her with the little ones in the Home."

Mary coloured with pleasure at this unexpected praise from the Superior, and soon after the lady took her leave, only stopping to give some directions as to Mary's outfit, and promising to let her know when the day was fixed for the ship to leave the docks.

Mary went back to her companions in a kind of daze. What a change had one short half-hour made in her prospects for the future! It was the hour of recreation, and all the girls gathered round her eagerly to hear the news she had to bring. When she announced her destination, Theresa exclaimed:—

"Didn't I tell you so? And she will see kangaroos and parrots, and no end of beautiful things!"

But Mary did not quite know whether to laugh or cry, and was glad when she could go quietly to the chapel and pour out her heart to One who, in her lonely childhood, had been her best friend, and to whom she earnestly committed her future life.

Mary was only fifteen, but old and thoughtful for her age: and, as the Superior said, she had no near relations to leave. Still, she was of a very affectionate nature, and her heart clung to the Home and the Sisters she had known so long; while she dreaded above everything going among perfect strangers. The next few weeks, however, were so busily employed, that she had hardly time to think. Her outfit was necessarily a peculiar one. She was to have loose jackets and skirts for the voyage; a sun-bonnet, and cool white clothes—for they

were to arrive in summer-time, though it would be Christmas in England.

But at last the eve of her departure came, and once more she knelt at Benediction in the little chapel which had witnessed her Confirmation and First Communion, and cried as if her heart would break. The children and Sisters were all sorry to part with her, though Sister Agnes did her best to give her courage and hope.

"You will find the same Lord in Australia as here," she said softly to the weeping girl. "Don't you remember the Clock of Holy Mass which Sister Helena showed you the other day, and how, owing to the difference of time, the Holy Sacrifice is being offered up at every hour of the day and night throughout the world? So we shall be always united in thought and prayer, though our bodies may be far away from each other."

Mary was soothed, if not comforted; and the next morning the bustle and hurry of departure left no time for many leave-takings.

"I have only one fear for her," said Sister Agnes to the Superior, as the cab drove away. "Her human affections are so strong, that if, unhappily, she falls in love by-and-by with some unprincipled man or other, she will sacrifice everything to him!"

"Let us hope her Guardian Angel will keep her from that, as from all other evils," replied the Sister Superior; and then each went to their respective work, and Mary was henceforth remembered only in their prayers.

And Mary herself? For the first twenty-four hours

the strangeness of everything on board ship, the uncomfortableness of the stuffy cabin, and the noises of the crew simply bewildered her. Then came a period of bitter misery, when, prostrated by sea-sickness in the Bay of Biscay, she felt as if she would have been thankful to any one to throw her overboard, so that it might only come to an end! But after three or four days she got better, and the little ones too, of whom she had the charge; though she had been utterly useless at first, and Mrs. Bristowe, who, luckily, was not sea-sick, had acted as nurse to both her and the children. They were steaming by the Cape route, as being cheaper than by the Suez Canal; and so presently found themselves in smooth water and in the midst of an ocean of beauty, which Mary was never weary of admiring. Their passage was rapid and successful, stopping only a couple of days at Cape Town; and in less time than Mary had dared to expect she found herself steaming up the beautiful Sydney harbour, and soon after landed in safety.

I pass over the next four or five years. Mary speedily won the affections of the children, and the confidence of her master and mistress, and might have remained for life in their service, but for the following circumstance. In a house adjoining Mr. Bristowe's lived a young man of rather gentlemanlike appearance, employed in some work in the city. Mary had frequently met him when out walking with the children, and on one occasion, when they were overtaken by a sudden storm, he had hastened to get them a carriage; and thus an acquaint-

ance sprang up, which increased by degrees into a mutual liking, and on Mary's side into a warm affection. She became restless and unhappy whenever a day passed without their meeting, and at last he formally proposed for her in marriage.

Mary was wild with delight, and not at all prepared to listen to the prudent remonstrances of her mistress. Mrs. Bristowe made careful inquiries about this young man, whose name was Hollis; and what she heard was not satisfactory. He seemed rich, yet had no regular occupation, or any visible means of subsistence. But, above all, he was a Protestant; and she could not bear the idea of Mary's making a mixed marriage. However, all her arguments were thrown away upon the girl, who was madly in love with him, and would not listen to reason; and the end of it was that one fine morning they were married in the Catholic Church; for on that point he had yielded—seeming, in fact, indifferent to every kind of religion. Mary, however, argued from this very indifference that she would easily convert him, little knowing the character of the man with whom she had to deal.

For the first few months all went on happily. He found that Mary had been well and carefully educated and made use of her in writing letters which at first she did not quite understand, but which at last made her uncomfortable. She found he was continually engaging in new speculations, some of which appeared to her straightforward, honest nature of a very doubtful kind. But when she remonstrated with him, or asked for explanations, she was silenced by being told that

she knew nothing of business transactions, and that her duty was simply to write what he told her. Still, she did not cease loving him fondly, though her trust in him was somewhat weakened. All of a sudden, he announced to her that, a certain scheme of his having failed, he was going at once to America, as he had heard of a good opening in New York.

Mary had become attached to her new home, and left it with regret; but the uncertainty in which they had lately lived, and a certain nameless dread which had come over her as to some of her husband's proceedings, made her rejoice in any change which might break the intimacy he had formed with persons who, she feared, were leading him astray.

They sailed accordingly from Sydney the following month, and had a prosperous and uneventful voyage, except in one particular.

Among the passengers was a certain Mrs. Smith, whom her husband introduced to Mary as his particular friend, begging her to cultivate her acquaintance, as she would be of great use to them in New York.

This Mrs. Smith was a very pretty woman, but there was something about her which Mary did not like. However, she did her best to please her, in accordance with her husband's wishes; and Mrs. Smith herself seemed to take a great fancy to Mary, and was with her and her husband continually. When they arrived at their destination, Hollis took a lodging for himself and his wife next to Mrs. Smith's, on the plea that she would be of much help to Mary in her housekeeping. Mary would infinitely have preferred to manage things

in her own way, rather than to submit to the constant interference of this woman, who seemed to her to be never out of the house.

At last her jealousy was aroused, and she resolved to watch her husband's proceedings more narrowly than before. The result was that she discovered that her fears were only too well founded; and in despair at the proved infidelity of one whom she still so passionately loved, she dashed out of the house and threw herself into the river, determining in her mad rage to die sooner than see his affections given to another. Rescued by some boatmen, she was carried unconscious to a house, which providentially happened to be a convent of Sisters of Mercy. Their tender, loving care restored her to life and reason; and the wise and holy advice of the good old priest of the Convent made her realize the sin of which she had been guilty in her rash attempt at suicide, and the gratitude she owed to God for her merciful escape from death. She went once more to her duties, which her late unhappiness had prevented her doing. Her husband came to her, apparently thoroughly ashamed and penitent, and persuaded her to return to their home. Moreover, to her great joy, he announced his attention of placing himself under instruction to become a Catholic. He did so, was received into the Church, and made his First Communion at God's altar by Mary's side.

Her happiness, for a time, was now complete; but then, again, doubts assailed her as to their way of life. At one moment they were very rich; at another they had not enough to pay their weekly bills. The truth

was that Hollis was a man who, as the saying is, lived by his wits. He was continually starting bubble companies of different kinds (for which Mary had to write the prospectuses and advertisements); and strangely enough he always seemed to find people ready to take the shares, and contrived, when successive crashes came, to persuade the unhappy shareholders that no fault rested with himself, although he had all the while lived on their investments.

This state of things could not go on for ever; and one day he informed Mary that he had had a bad run of luck, that he was compelled, in consequence, to go to England for a time; and asked her to take a situation during his absence, promising to send for her as soon as his affairs were settled.

Mary submitted with a heavy heart, and took a place as cook and housekeeper, for which her married life had well fitted her.

Nothing was heard of her husband for some months, when Mary received a most affectionate letter from him, saying that his affairs were righted, and begging her to lose no time in joining him in England. He omitted, however, to send her any money, and she had not been long enough in her place to earn much. However, by selling all she could, down to her wedding-ring, she contrived to realize the sum required for the passage, and started joyfully to rejoin him.

On her arrival in London, she went straight to the address he had given her, only to hear, to her dismay, that he had the day before started to return to New York. On explaining who she was, the lodging-house

keeper replied, with a quiet sneer, that it was impossible she should be his wife, as he had brought his wife with him: that Mr. and Mrs. Hollis had been there all the time, and had left together for New York; "and a very pretty woman she is," added the man, "and they seemed devoted to one another;" saying which, he shut the door in Mary's face.

At first, she was too stunned to understand what had happened. Then the full extent of her misery burst upon her. It was evident that her husband had deceived her all along, and had simply come to England to live with Mrs. Smith. Worse than all, his reception into the Church had been only a sham to restore her confidence in him, and his confession and communion had been sacrilegious. He had purposely sent for her to England in order to be able to return himself to New York, and get her out of the way; and he had left her utterly destitute, without a penny to live upon. Even her wedding-ring was gone! How would any one believe that she was his lawful wife? How could she face her own friends in such a state of misery? The whole extent of his villainy came before her at a moment when she was weakened by her long and stormy voyage, which she had borne cheerfully as long as she was buoyed up with the hopes of rejoining him; and bitterest of all was the conviction which forced itself upon her, that he had never loved her, and that she had wasted all the devotion of her heart and life on an unworthy object. All this was too much for a mind and body enfeebled by the strain of the last few weeks;

and thus, maddened by despair, she again determined to destroy herself.

Going into a chemist's shop, she bought some rat-poison in powder: luckily there were two or three little packets, and one of them got wet in her hand and dissolved before she could swallow it. But having asked for a glass of water at a baker's shop, she rapidly poured into it the remaining powders, and drank off the whole contents of the glass at one draught.

Taken almost instantly with strong convulsions, she was removed to St. George's Hospital, where the usual remedies were applied; but for some time her life was despaired of, and her sufferings were terrible. However, natural strength of constitution enabled her to pull through, though she was a long time before she recovered either health or strength. This period of suffering was to her a season of grace. The devoted Catholic lady visitor who attended her ward heard her whole history, and set herself to work to heal that broken heart and bring her back to a better mind.

In the long and weary convalescence which followed, she had plenty of time to take a review of her past life; and then clearly saw, for the first time, how her ill-regulated passion for this man had been the root of all her misfortunes—how, in her mad love, she had forgotten her Lord, and sacrificed even her religion to please him. She resolved, with the help of God, if ever she recovered, to banish Hollis from her thoughts, to endeavour by a life of humble piety and devotion to make amends for the past, and to give up all idea of rejoining him.

God raised her up from her sick-bed, and gave her once more health and strength; and Mary kept her word, and is now a devout and fervent Christian. She has obtained an excellent situation, and is loved and respected by her employers for her conscientious discharge of every duty. Once only did the temptation come strongly upon her to return to America, when she came accidentally upon a large printed advertisement of a scheme, bearing Hollis's name, which had succeeded in a marvellous degree: but she resisted it, and continues to lead the same humble but edifying life, remembering the object of her misplaced affection only in her prayers, which are daily offered up for his repentance and real conversion. Who shall say that such prayers, from one who had been his victim, may not some day draw down the mercy of God on the soul of that bad man, and bring him to repentance?

A SPOILT CHILD.

This true tale was related to me by a very devoted and holy worker among the poor in different missions throughout England and Wales, who gave me permission to make use of it for this little series. I have only omitted names and places in her narrative, lest it should fall into the hands of any one connected with the poor child, to whom its recital might give pain.

I was employed at one time in working in a very poor Mission in South Wales. It was in a beautiful part of the country, but inhabited by a scanty population, chiefly of miners or colliers, as there were large iron-works in the district. Amongst these poor people about a hundred were Catholics, but they were all in the same dead level of poverty. The wages were low; of furniture they had next to none. The possessor of a tea-tray was looked upon as something quite above the average; and as for a silver spoon, such an article could not be found in the whole district.

It may be easily imagined that the Catholic Mission, under such circumstances, had a very hard struggle for existence. It was a tiny building, which served both as school and chapel, and its ornaments were naturally of the humblest description. One great want was a

harmonium to help the children's voices; but when it was with difficulty that the wine was obtained for the Holy Sacrifice, such a luxury as that was not to be thought of.

I had been toiling for some months in the tiny school, helped only by a little governess whose lameness prevented her doing anything better, when certain family circumstances necessitated my absence for a time. During this visit, which I was paying in the north, I received one day a letter from the parish priest, saying that a new family had come to the place, and that amongst them there was a young girl evidently very superior in birth and station, who had been well educated, could play and sing, and had offered to procure a harmonium for the chapel. But he added that he wished I were at home, as there was something strange and excitable about her; and he did not like putting her in charge of the school unless there were some one of a certain age, like myself, to look after her.

I replied—rather flippantly, I am afraid—that I was very curious to see this phœnix who had suddenly lighted upon our poor Mission, and that I would come back as soon as the illness of my sister would allow me. My answer rather affronted the good priest, so that when I returned he was mute about the girl, and evaded all my inquiries after her.

Every Sunday I used to make a huge fire in a room adjoining the school, to warm and dry the poor women who come from a long distance over the hills to Mass. It happened soon after I came back that one of my

favourites, Molly, told me of a new Catholic family, living up near the top of a mountain beside us, who were ill and in great distress—both the mother and daughter —and I resolved on the first opportunity to go and look them up and see how I could help them. I spoke to the priest on the subject, but, to my surprise, he discouraged my idea in every possible way. However, on the first festival, which happened to be that of All Saints, when Mass was over and the school closed, I renewed my proposal, and asked him to accompany me. He then said that he would go with me to the top of the mountain, as it was not safe for me to go alone, with so many miners and people of bad character about.

"But," he added, "I will not go up with you to the cottage, for the people there have insulted me. I went up while you were away, and though I saw the woman at the door as I was toiling up the hill, when I arrived there it was shut in my face; and though I knocked and knocked, no one would open it or give any sign of life. I have found out that they are Irish, and Catholics; but they have never been to their duties, and I am afraid you will not get in. If you succeed, I will follow you a little later."

We started accordingly, and when within sight of the dwelling, which was a tumble-down farmer's house, he sat down to wait for me, and I went on alone. I had seen a woman washing some poor clothes at the door, but, afraid of meeting with the same treatment as the priest, I determined to go round behind the house, and so come upon her suddenly to prevent her

retreat. All happened as I had foreseen, and when she turned round and saw me standing by the open door, she started with an exclamation of terror at my unexpected appearance. I reassured her as well as I could, said I had heard she was ill, and that I had come to see if I could not be of use to her; adding:—

"I am very tired with the long walk up here, and I am sure you will not refuse to let me go in and rest myself a little while before I return."

She nervously assented, and led the way into the house, which was miserably poor and comfortless. She dusted a chair for me to sit down upon, and I then perceived the broken state of the furniture, not a chair or a table having its full complement of legs. Evidently, I thought, these poor people have seen better days, and are now ashamed of their poverty. However, I began talking to her about her health, and then inquired after her daughter, asking if I might not see her also.

At this question the poor woman became more and more nervous and distressed, and at last said she would go up and see. I presently heard her lame step going up the stairs, and apparently a warm altercation going on above. At last the old woman stumped down again, and, with evident surprise and joy, announced that her girl was coming down

At this moment the priest opened the door and joined me, and in a few seconds I heard a light step on the stairs, and a vision of such beauty stood before me that I remained amazed at the apparition. She was a young girl of about twenty-one, with faultless features and

figure, dressed in a loose dressing-gown quilted and opened in front showing a beautifully worked petticoat and dainty shoes and stockings, while her dark brown hair lay in natural curls on her fine marble forehead. Her eyes were dark grey, with long lashes which rested on her cheek. The only thing which spoiled the extreme beauty of her face was an expression of unutterable scorn and pride.

She did not deign to take any notice of me, but passed on to the priest, shaking hands with him as with an old acquaintance; and I felt directly that she was the young musician of whom he had written. That she belonged to the old woman in any way seemed to me impossible. Whilst she was talking, the door again opened, and admitted a man of very honest and respectable appearance, though his dress was worn and old.

The priest at once reproached him with never having come to see him or gone to his duties; and the poor man replied respectfully that he would explain the cause to his Reverence, which he did, while I entered into conversation with the old woman, who had not "much English," as she said. I found out what they wanted most was food, especially of a kind which would tempt her child's delicate appetite—that she had had brain fever and been very ill; and that since they had taken that miserable farm, things had gone from bad to worse, and that they were very nearly starved. It was the want of clothes which had kept them from the chapel, especially of shoes; and that want I determined to supply. On further inquiry, I discovered that the man was thoroughly respectable and a good workman;

that he had excellent recommendations from his previous employers; but that he had been deceived in taking this farm, which belonged to a petty tradesman who had cheated him in every way, and that his only anxiety was to obtain some other employment and give it up.

I was able, after a short time, to get a very good place for him with a friend of mine in the neighbourhood; and then I heard, bit by bit, the story of the family, and especially of the mysterious girl whose appearance and manners had so surprised me. Their history was as follows :—

The father and mother were of a respectable family in the west of Ireland. The man had always held good situations—first as a better-class labourer, and then as gardener in a gentleman's family. They had only one sorrow, and that was the loss of their children. They had had several, but all had died soon after their birth. At last the poor mother, who was a very fervent Catholic, determined to go on a pilgrimage to a certain very holy old priest, living in a wild and mountainous district, and looked upon as a saint by all the people far and wide. She went on foot, in spite of her state—for she was again about to become a mother—and implored his prayers that she might have a child who should be spared to their desolate home. The old priest, Father Patrick, blessed and consoled her, and promised her to pray that her wish might be fulfilled.

She came home joyfully, and soon after gave birth to a little girl, who grew and throve to her heart's delight, and who, moreover, developed into a most unusual and extraordinary beauty. She became the idol of both

father and mother, and, in fact, of every one about the place. She had that innate grace which is often seen in Irish girls, even of the lowest class, and a winning smile and manner which won the hearts of all. Unfortunately, in their intense love and admiration of their beautiful child, the poor parents never thought of rooting out the seeds of vanity, selfishness and pride which were in her nature, but indulged her in every whim and wish, and thought only of how they could best minister to her pleasure. Finally, they took an unhappy resolution to leave their native country, where, at any rate, the child had a pure, healthy and innocent life, and remove to England in order that she might have greater educational advantages, and above all, acquire an English accent.

They went to Clifton, and Norah (for so the girl was called) was placed in a Dominican school which had been founded by the well-known and beloved Mother Margaret. There, though she was quick and clever, and got on well with her studies, she was not at all a favourite with the nuns, who soon discovered her faults, and especially her indomitable pride. On the other hand, she greatly attracted the Bishop and all the visitors to the convent, partly by her great beauty and charm of manner, and partly from her quickness and ability. A little anecdote of her school-life will give an index to her character.

One day, Mother Margaret, whose visits were rare, she being Provincial and having many houses to look after, arrived unexpectedly at the convent school. The children, who all loved her as a mother, rushed for-

ward to welcome her; all save Norah, who hung back, and only came at the end to make a formal curtesy. Mother Margaret remarked it, and asked her why she did not run forward with the rest. Norah replied quietly, "Because I do not like you." The nun in charge of the children was so indignant at this answer, that, very unwisely, she took the child and whipped her. Norah was furious, and determined to be revenged.

A few days later the Bishop came, and not noticing his little favourite, called for her. Norah came with a sad and downcast face, quite unlike her usual self. The Bishop asked her what was the matter; and the child burst into tears and said, "I have been cruelly and unjustly whipped for telling the truth." The Bishop inquired into the facts, and the result was that the nun got a very severe reprimand. The child was satisfied; but we may well imagine that this did not increase her popularity with the nuns.

After a time, being about seventeen, she left the school. Her father was at that time gardener to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose wife took a great fancy to Norah, had her constantly in the house, and finally treated her as if she had been her own child, teaching her music and every kind of accomplishment, and making her act in private theatricals in which her ready wit and extreme beauty made her a most graceful performer.

Finally, the girl's head was completely turned by the admiration she received; and her father, becoming alarmed for her future with her kind but very unwise

benefactress, decided to send her back to Ireland for a time; and placed her as a kind of sewing and still-room maid with an aunt of hers, who was housekeeper in a very good family, and in want of such a girl in the house.

But here again Norah was fated to be equally spoiled. The lady of the house saw her, took an extraordinary fancy to her, and finally committed the same mistake as her former mistress—that is, she took her entirely out of her own position in life and made her her companion, encouraging her in her love of music and in her theatrical tastes, and introducing her into the best society of the place. There was an artillery brigade stationed in the neighbouring town, and the officers used to come over frequently to the house where Norah was. One of the officers fell madly in love with her; and as he was a man of good character and some wealth, the lady thought it would be an excellent thing for her, and so sanctioned the engagement. Norah was intensely happy, for she really loved him; but she could not resist sometimes rousing his jealousy by flirting with others. There was a man of bad character in the town, a civilian, of whom the young officer was especially suspicious: and on one occasion, when duty compelled him to leave his affianced bride for a few days, he made her promise that she would not go anywhere in public in his absence, and especially where she would meet this man, whom he looked upon as his rival. Norah promised, and at the time fully meant to keep her word. But then the temptation came.

There was to be a concert in the town, and tickets

were brought to her by this very civilian, who used every argument to persuade her to go, but at first in vain. At last he sneeringly said :—

"I see you are going to be a very dutiful wife!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Norah indignantly.

"Oh, nothing! Only that I perceive you have already learned to obey and submit!"

"Never!" retorted the girl angrily. "I have never obeyed any one yet, and certainly shan't begin now."

The tempter saw that he had won the day, and persuaded her to go, not only there, but afterwards to the theatre adjoining. In the meanwhile, her lover, having finished his business a day sooner than he had thought possible, hurried back to her house; and on arriving, heard, to his intense disgust, that she was gone to this concert. Spurring his jaded horse, he rushed after her. Both horse and man had lost their tempers—the poor beast which had hoped to rest in his stable, and the man to whom his future wife had broken her word.

The result was that the horse reared and became unmanageable. The young officer was thrown, his head came in contact with the kerb-stone; and when Norah came out of the theatre, it was to see him carried away dead on a stretcher. The blow was too much, the remorse too great. Brain fever followed, and she went raving mad for a time.

When she recovered, she was a perfect wreck of her former self. All her brightness was gone; and at last the doctor said that the only chance of her recovery would be to remove her from the scene of her great sorrow, and send her home to her father and mother.

Norah had entreated that nothing might be said to them of this tragedy, so that her parents only knew that she had been very dangerously ill. That, however, would scarcely account for the entire change which seemed to have come over her, and which gave her father very deep sorrow and anxiety. His mistress, who was equally saddened at the alteration in her favourite, persuaded him to let her come back into the house, to which the poor gardener reluctantly consented, not knowing what to do for the best.

The lady tried in vain, however, to interest her in her old pursuits. At last she suggested to her to take a leading part in some amateur theatricals, in which she was to personate a girl who had been brought up in a poor cottage and turned out to be a princess in disguise. This *rôle* and the excitement consequent on the rehearsal and previous preparations suited Norah's present temperament exactly, and she threw herself into her part with a feverish delight which enabled her to act it to perfection. Again her father became alarmed at her excitability, and recalled her home, determining to apprentice her to a tailor, and hoping that some steady employment of this sort would tend to quiet and settle her. In this again he was unfortunate, for he was obliged to send her to a man in Bristol, away from his own eye.

Here Norah became acquainted with the manager of the theatre, borrowed some theatrical properties, and was on the point of being engaged on the stage, when the jealousy of the rest of the company, who objected to this pretty interloper into their ranks, compelled the manager to give her up. The disappointment preyed so

much on Norah's mind that she again went mad. Her father, in despair, threw up his situation, and hearing of this farm in the hills where a manager was wanted, undertook it without having ever seen the place, wishing to hide his child and her misery from every human eye.

It was there that I had found them, and had been, fortunately, the means of rescuing them from their disastrous position. But the question remained: What was to be done with the girl? Entirely spoiled by her previous training, she was utterly unfit for the quiet home-life to which she was now condemned. And yet, after their past experiences, neither father nor mother dared let her out of their sight. By degrees I won her entire confidence, and she then assured me that she could bear her life better if she had but a piano. She had resumed her old trade of waistcoat-making, which kept her employed through the day; but the evenings were intolerable to her, with her uneducated mother and her peasant father, wise only in his own honest calling. To such a point had their foolish indulgence brought this, the idol of their lives! I thought the request reasonable, and as she was earning good wages, I undertook to advance the sum required for the hire of a piano, which she was to pay me by instalments. I had been more and more pleased with the straightforward, simple honesty of her parents, who had carefully repaid the small sum I had advanced to them at the farm for shoes and other absolute necessaries.

The piano was obtained, and became her great delight, and I began to hope that a happy future was in store for the beautiful wayward girl. But it was not to

be. She fell in love with a man who had been employed as clerk in a volunteer corps by her father's master—a man whom I instinctively disliked from the first moment I saw him, although hitherto nothing had been known against his character.

This man became Norah's ruin; he induced her to appropriate certain moneys confided to her, and to allow him to use them for his own purposes; and led her on, step by step, in paths of deceit and dishonesty, till finally, a five-pound note which had been stolen being traced to him, he was convicted and imprisoned with hard labour for two years. Then it was found out that he had been connected with every sort of villainy, and his unhappy wife (for Norah had married him in spite of all warnings) found herself looked down upon and despised by all as the "convict's wife;" especially by those whom, in her pride, she had formerly despised and contemned as unfit for her to associate with. The misery was too great for her unsettled brain, and she became once more hopelessly insane. Bitter was the self-reproach of her parents for the unwise affection which had thus been the bane of her life.

"Had we but remained in our old Irish home," the poor father would exclaim, "and brought her up as one of ourselves, we should not now see her as she is; and she would have been the joy and comfort of our old age."

May this true story be a warning to other fathers and mothers, and teach them to restrain the first beginnings of pride and vanity in their children.

BEAUTIFUL EYES.

That "beauty is a fatal gift," is a trite observation believed in by few, and still more rarely by the fond mothers who have given birth to beautiful children. It is such a pleasure to live with a beautiful face ever before one; to watch its varying expression, its mantling colour, its glorious eyes, the turns of the head, each revealing a fresh charm. Yet even common every-day experience will prove to us that, in whatever class, great beauty has proportionate danger; in the rich it frequently creates not only personal vanity and pride, but egotism and hardness of heart; while in the poor, who are necessarily more unprotected, it unfits them for the work of life, and exposes them to perils of the gravest kind. The following story is an exemplification of this truth. I heard it from a dear old relation now dead, and it seems to me so remarkable that it should not be buried in forgetfulness. I will try and write it as nearly as possible in his own words.

I was spending some time in Ireland many years ago; and, according to my custom wherever I went, I used to go and see the convents and charitable institutions, so numerous in that land of faith, which always were objects of special interest to me. At last I returned

to Dublin, where I went frequently to see a very favourite niece of mine, Mary C——, who was a nun in a convent of the Sisters of Mercy there. A Home for young girls out of place was attached to the Convent, in which many who were orphans remained permanently, supporting themselves by their work. On going round the house with my niece one day, I was extremely struck with the appearance of one young girl, so pretty, so refined-looking, and, above all, with wonderfully beautiful eyes—eyes not only so lovely in shape and colour, but so exquisitely beautiful in expression that I could not help exclaiming after we had passed on:—

"Oh, what glorious eyes!"

"Every one makes the same remark," replied my niece, smiling; "I only hope she will never become aware of her extraordinary beauty herself. At present she is utterly and curiously unconscious of it. Poor child! hers is an interesting story. She is of better-class parents than the rest of our children, as you see. Her father was the captain of a merchant vessel, and was lost at sea; her poor mother had this only girl, about whom she was very anxious on account of this very beauty which you cannot help remarking. We visited her frequently during her illness, and her one great misery was the thought of leaving the child unprotected, whom she had carefully guarded not only from evil, but from all consciousness that she was different from others. Our Reverend Mother promised her that she would look after the poor little girl if God were pleased to call her to Himself; and so it happened that when the mother died, we brought her here. We

keep her as much as possible with us, doing little things about the Convent, and we shall try to keep her always, as that fatal beauty would be a snare to her in service; in fact I do not think any one would dare take her, unless they were persons with whom we certainly should not allow her to be placed."

"Let us hope she will develop a religious vocation," I replied, "and then she would be safe enough."

But my niece shook her head, and said she saw no signs of that; and so our conversation passed on to other subjects.

Soon after this visit I returned to England, and, like most things of the kind not actually kept in one's mind by circumstances, I forgot all about the girl and her beautiful eyes. But after the lapse of many years, going through the self-same rooms with the same dear niece brought back the girl's face and the whole story to my mind, with that extreme clearness with which, I suppose, at the moment of death one will remember past and buried scenes and persons. I asked rather eagerly, in consequence, of my companion, what had become of "Beautiful Eyes."

Mary made me a sign to be silent, and say nothing for the moment. We passed through several other rooms where the inmates were variously employed, till we came to one where there was a young blind woman, with a calm and happy face, employed in knitting, to whom Mary spoke, at the same time, by a sign, directing my special attention to her. When we had left

the room and were passing out of the Home, my niece quietly turned round to me and said :—

"*That* was your 'Beautiful Eyes'!"

"What *can* you mean?" I exclaimed, "what terrible misfortune can have reduced that lovely girl to the condition of that poor blind creature whom we have just seen?"

"I will tell you," replied Mary. "And I only wish it could serve as a warning to people who so foolishly and imprudently praise children's beauty to their face, and often ruin them in consequence.

"One day, not very long after your visit here, a large, gay party was going through the Home, when a gentleman in passing perceived the girl, and could not, I suppose, help showing his intense admiration, for he exclaimed aloud :—

"'Oh, what beautiful eyes!'

"Nothing more was said, but, alas! the seed was sown, and the devil was not slow to fan the flame those unguarded looks and words had kindled in her heart. From that instant a change came over her. She became restless, unhappy, impatient, idle over her work—in fact, thoroughly discontented with her position here. In vain we spoke to her, reminding her of her mother's anxiety and wish that she should remain with us. She said she could not stay all her life in a convent, that she wanted to go out to service like the rest and see the world. In fact, no persuasions could avail to change her determination, and she was no longer a child whom we could coerce against her will. All we could do was to try to get her as safe

a place as we could, and to pray for her with all our hearts, that her wilfulness might not be too heavily punished.

"At last she went, but, as we had feared, she did not stay long in the quiet situation we had found for her. An insane vanity seemed to possess her. She was determined to 'see the world,' as she had said. At first she came pretty often to see us, then her visits ceased altogether. The lady who had taken her found she could do nothing with her, and came to tell us so. Go she would and did—to her destruction!

"She took a smart place at the West End, where her love of admiration had full scope. It was not long before her fall came; and the girl with the 'beautiful eyes' was soon known in all the worst haunts of the city. She had been first tempted by a gentleman of large fortune, who deceived her by promises of marriage, and then deserted her. In despair she sank from bad to worse. Then she took to drinking to drown thought, and became a by-word, even among the fallen women with whom she lived, for everything that was evil. Many a helping hand was held out to her from time to time, but without any avail. She was, humanly speaking, quite irreclaimable. In fact, the moment of God's mercy had not come; and so she went on for several years.

"One night she was found insensible on the pavement, and was carried by the police to the lock-up for the night, where she was left alone on the bare stone floor in the dark cell, in all her sin and misery and shame. Lying there, she felt herself utterly lost, with-

out an earthly friend, and not daring to call on the Heavenly One whom she had so outraged by her life. In the morning, a policeman, going into the cell to release her, found a bleeding, maimed, awful-looking woman, her eyes torn from their sockets; but, to his amazement also, he found a true penitent.

"'Take me back to the Convent — to Reverend Mother!' was her only prayer, and to that saintly mother's ear did she reveal all the horrors of that past night, when God had chosen to call back His wandering sheep to the fold.

"She said that, on coming to herself after a few hours, it seemed as if the full tide of her iniquity were overwhelming her. It came upon her with all the force of a new revelation. She had often felt remorse and sorrow and shame before, but now she felt she must die of despair. And then the awful judgment came before her, and the everlasting torments which would be the portion of such a sinner as she had been—a sinner against light and knowledge and grace, all of which she had once freely received. What hope could there be for such as she? All of a sudden, while she wailed and cried, the whole wretched cell became glorious and filled with light—a light brighter than the light of the sun; and looking up in the midst of this light, she seemed to see distinctly a figure, as of an angel, and to hear an awful voice saying, 'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out!' And then the whole of the past came back to her, and she remembered the few careless words that had turned her from an innocent, happy girl to the lost and miserable being she now was. Again those words were repeated,

indeed is that ardent spirit of Puritanism, but from the dead embers there has sprung up a new spirit; a spirit of live and let live; a spirit of tolerance; a spirit of indifference; a spirit that is tolerant precisely because it is indifferent. From those dead ashes of profound Puritanism there has started into life a new spirit of shallow philosophism that is filling men's hearts, not with deeper respect for religion, but with a complacent patronage of Almighty God.[1] Persecuting Protestantism

[1] Mr. Ruskin says: "The form which the infidelity of England has taken is one hitherto unheard of in human history. No nation ever before declared boldly, by print and word of mouth, that its religion was good for show but would not work. Over and over again it has happened that nations have denied their gods, but they denied them bravely. The Greeks in their decline jested at their religion and frittered it away in flatteries and fine arts. The French refused theirs fiercely, tore down their altars and broke their carven images. The question about God with both these nations was still, even in their decline, fairly put though falsely answered: 'Either there is or there is not a Supreme Ruler; we consider of it, declare there is not, and proceed accordingly.' But we English have put the matter in an entirely new light: 'There is a Supreme Ruler, no question of it, only He cannot rule. His orders won't work. He will be quite satisfied with euphonious and respectful repetition of them. Execution would be too dangerous under existing circumstances, which He certainly never contemplated.' I had no conception of the absolute darkness which has covered the human mind in this respect until I began to come into collision with persons engaged in the study of economical and political questions. The entire *naïveté* and undisturbed imbecility with which I found them declare that the laws of the devil were the only practicable ones, and that the laws of God were merely a form of poetical language, passed all I had ever before read of moral infidelity. I knew the fool had often said in his heart, 'There is *no* God'; but to hear himself say clearly out with his lips, 'There is a foolish God,' was something which my art studies had not prepared

maintained that worship of God should take but one form, the form of psalm-singing, image-breaking Puritanism; and it strove to force the consciences of its opponents by the rack, and the thumb-screw, and the block, and the gibbet. Nowadays, however, the pulse of Protestantism throbs no longer with this fiery excitement of Puritanical zeal. Its pulse has grown sluggish with the torpor of Indifferentism. The cold has reached its heart. Protestantism, as that creed at its birth was understood, is well-nigh dead; dead and buried it might be said, were it not for a sprinkling of honest folk who cling to old-fashioned prejudices and lag far in rear of the logical and intellectual developments of their age. Protestantism is very tolerant now; let us be thankful for it. It persecutes no more. It no longer puts pressure on any man's conscience. And why not? Because it holds that one religion is just as good as another. It is, as we say, Indifferentist.

Now Indifferentism is not the same thing as Atheism, though it leads to it. Nay, Modern Enlightenment in the present stage of its development is not only willing to allow that God exists, it will even grant that He should be adored. But, it adds, raising a warning forefinger, whether the Divine worship is to take this form or that is a matter solely for the worshipper himself to decide. "Advanced thinking" treats God as a distant acquaintance towards whom a faint show of civility is needed and is enough. It considers that God ought to

me for. The French had indeed, for a considerable time, hinted much of this meaning in the delicate and compassionate blasphemy of their phrase *le bon Dieu*, but had never ventured to put it into more precise terms." (*Modern Painters*, v. 12.)

be, and indeed must be, very well satisfied to be adored at all, without imposing on the worshipper the particular form of religion in which that adoration shall be clothed. That jack-o'-lantern called the *zeitgeist*, or spirit of the age, holds definite and dogmatic teaching to be out of date, antiquated, a mere fossil, a piece of ancient history, the relic of a dead past, the shreds and tatters of a worn-out mediævalism, the last rusty link of the chains of a slavish age, a remnant of the barbarism of the Dark Ages impotently struggling for existence in the intellectual refulgence of our enlightened epoch.

Consequently, the English nation is now opposed to set formularies and dogmatic decrees and well-defined doctrines of faith. For if one religion is as good as another, it is but common sense to choose that which trammels a man least. Why be a Catholic with obligations to attend Sunday Mass, to fast, to abstain, to confess sins to a priest, if it is as easy to travel to heaven without these burdens as with them? Current thought looks on religion as a question of æsthetics, a matter of feeling or of taste or of sentiment. The modern man asserts his liberty to choose his creed as he chooses his clothes, and claims the right to change his faith just as freely as he changes his fashions. He claims leave to form his views in religion as he forms them in painting or in poetry, or in architecture; to form them, that is, without let or hindrance from man or God, according to his own private taste, and fancy, and character, and inclination; and whatever view the individual thinks fit to adopt, with that Almighty God must be well satisfied. And thus the modern Tolerantist makes broad his phylacteries and enlarges the borders of his garment and

gives thanks that *he* is not wedded to a cast-iron creed, a believer in dogma, an infallibilist, dependent, priest-ridden, narrow-minded, even as is this Papist. This is the large and liberal creed of the day, a comprehensive cult which encourages you to hold any view and to entertain any opinion, provided only you do not condemn the opposite of your own view, and the contradictory of your own opinion. Believe that your own religion is right, but do not believe that the opposite religion of your neighbour is wrong. Do not be so bigoted as to think your neighbour in error because what you hold to be coal-black, he holds to be snow-white. For this is to be broadminded. This is to be Indifferentist.[1]

The spirit of the age is a spirit of lawless liberalism in religions. The fashionable principle is this: Be respectable in your outward life; sin not against the easy code of social morality, or at least do not flaunt your sin in the public eye; do not shock your neighbour's sense of propriety and decorum; and then it matters little or nothing what your faith may be. The popular theory amounts to this, that if a man is upright in his dealings; if he is known for a faithful husband, a good father, a just master, a loyal citizen, it is unimportant to what creed he holds. Be he Catholic or Baptist, Quaker or Unitarian, let him call himself by the name of any one of the myriad sects that spring up, mushroom-like,

[1] Indifferentism, or, as it is sometimes called, Latitudinarianism, or Tolerantism, is used in a variety of senses. Civil and political Indifferentism tolerates different religions in the same state. Religious and theological Indifferentism teaches that all religions are equally conducive to salvation.

around him, his salvation is in every case secure, because all these religions are equally pleasing to God, each is a fair and flowery path leading straight and comfortably and pleasantly to heaven.

Now, strange as this theory of Indifferentism seems to us Catholics, with our religion sharply defined, clear-cut, unchanged, unchanging, and unchangeable, it is nevertheless a quite logical deduction, it is only the issue and outcome of Protestantism. Protestantism leads straight into Indifferentism, and in the end to Rationalism, on the road to which Indifferentism is but the half-way house.[1] It may here be convenient to point out that by the term "Protestant" is meant that generic religion which comprises not only the four great branches of specific Protestantism—Lutheran, Arminian, Calvinist, and Socinian—but also all those other sects or offshoots which Anglicans sum up under the general name "Dissent." By "Protestantism" we mean that negation of Catholicity which began its career by revolt against the infallible guidance and authority of the Church Catholic, which taught that there is but one objective rule of faith, the Scriptures, to be interpreted by the private judgment of the individual according to the light of his own unaided reason.[2] Of that religion private judgment is the keystone; and because such is the case, Indifferentism first and Rationalism afterwards must, both in theory and in practice, flow from it. Protestantism in its *critical* capacity, by tampering with

[1] Leo XII., Encyc. *Ubi primum*, said: "Indifferentism not only boldly maintains that all the sects are on the right road, but also those societies which profess pure Deism and even pure Materialism."

[2] Cf. Chillingworth, *The Religion of a Protestant a Safe Way to*

the canon of Scripture; in its *exegetical* capacity, by interpreting Scripture according to the ever-changing light of private judgment; and in its *dogmatic* capacity, by the introduction of those heretical tenets which follow from its first principles could only lead in theory, and in point of fact has led in practice, to the grossest Rationalism.

Protestantism is the parent of Indifferentism. For without an infallible rule of faith there is no court of appeal to settle doctrinal controversies, there is no standard by which to decide that one form of belief is better or worse than the other. It is worth while to emphasise the fact that Indifferentism springs from Protestantism as the oak from the acorn, as the bird from the egg. For all current controversy really hinges on the question of Infallibility; and in demonstrating the existence of Infallibility, it is often useful to employ the negative as well as the positive form of argument; that is, not only to prove that the Church of Christ is infallible, but also to prove that without Infallibility there cannot be a Church of Christ. Infallibility is the great bulwark against Indifferentism. Now Protestantism possesses no infallible voice, for Infallibility implies an external authority, and the Protestant principle of private judgment denies, in theory, all external authority. We say "in theory," because in practice the rank and file of Protestants adopt, and of necessity adopt—since they

Salvation, pt. i. c. 6, n. 56: "By the religion of Protestants I understand . . . that wherein they all agree and which they all subscribe with a greater harmony as a perfect rule of their faith and actions, that is the Bible. The Bible I say, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants."

have not the means to judge for themselves—the particular views entertained at the moment by the minister under whom they happen to worship. In practice their pope is their parson, but, in theory, Private-judgment arians maintain that for authority to determine what the individual ought to believe is simply tyranny. The duty, let it be said in passing, of one who is searching for the true religion is to use his private judgment to discover, not the body of doctrine which he must believe, for that is beyond his power, but the authority which can teach him, without chance of error, what these doctrines are. This principle of private judgment we have been assured,[1] has saved the world from "the despotic and soul-stupefying sacerdotalism of the Romanists." In "protesting" against the authority of the Catholic Church, the "Reformers" denied, and meant to deny, all external authority whatever in matters of faith. The chief indictment which Protestantism is ever urging against the Church is this, that she arrogantly claims an authority which Christ never instituted, the authority to decide in disputes in faith.

External authority and private judgment are, therefore, contradictory terms; they are mutually exclusive. The very *raison d'être* of Protestantism is its denial of external authority. Prove that there exists an external authority in matters religious, and by that proof you disprove Protestantism.

Yet without external authority there cannot be, in the present order of God's providence, any objective and trustworthy rule of faith; and without such a rule there

[1] By the late Professor Blackie, *Natural History of Atheism*, p. 184.

can be no stability, no unity of belief; there can be nothing to stamp one religion as better than another; there can be nothing to save the world from Indifferentism. For if in the voyage of life, beset with shoals and quicksands, the mariner has to sail over unknown seas in the dark, tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine, without pilot, without chart, without compass, without buoys to mark banks and channels, what wonder if he comes to regard one course as good as another, and to look on it as immaterial how he sets his rudder?

The Bible alone can never be an infallible rule of faith. God never meant the Bible, apart from an authority external and prior to the Bible, to be any man's guide in religious matters. The early Church existed for nearly a century without the Bible. The later Church for fifteen centuries, that is, until the invention of printing, existed without a Bible that was accessible to the many. Besides, without an infallible authority prior to the Bible, you cannot prove the canon of the Bible, you cannot prove the inspiration of the Bible, you cannot prove the Bible to be God's Book, you cannot for certain get at the true sense of the Bible. This difficulty has embarrassed opponents a good deal, but they have found a loophole of escape. The French Protestant theologians Claude and Jurieu, after much casting about, discovered that Protestants *feel* the truth of the canon and inspiration of the Scriptures! Protestants know Bible truth, as Jack Falstaff knew the true prince, by instinct! "Protestants *feel* fundamental religious truths just as they perceive the light when they see it; or warmth when they are near the fire; or sweet

and bitter when they are eating."[1] An original and convenient doctrine! Protestants *taste* the truth of the Bible. But this Protestant acuteness of palate does not eliminate the whole difficulty. For tastes differ, which perhaps accounts for the fact that, for example, Anglicans taste the truth of the Divinity of Christ, while Unitarians do not taste it; and that one section of Anglicans tastes the truth of Baptismal Regeneration, while another section does not taste it. Nay, some palates are so vitiated as not to taste Biblical truth at all. Such is the palate Atheistical.

Where then is the Protestant to find his authority for the inspiration of Scripture? Not in the "Higher Criticism," which can at most claim to show what of Scripture is *not* inspired. Not in Tradition, which Protestantism maintains to have erred on many vital questions. Not in the Fathers, since they establish, not the intrinsic truth of the Tradition, but only what in their day the Tradition was. The Protestant then has only his own private opinions wherewith to settle the canon, the inspiration, and the meaning of that not inconsiderable library of most difficult books which, as a collection, we called the Bible. He must fall back on his private judgment.

Consequently, the canonical Scriptures are not a rule of faith for the individual, but the individual is the rule of the Canonical Scriptures. From which fact two obvious conclusions follow. First, that as the individual is subject to error, so the Protestant canon is not free,

[1] *Le vrai Système*, quoted by Lamennais, *Essai*, p. 239. Truth has been defined to be "what a man *troweth*," but it should apparently be "what a man *feeleth*"!

and has no valid claim to be free, from error, so that the Rule of Faith which is to preserve from error is itself erroneous! Secondly, that as no two Protestants, if left to their own private judgment, will agree on the same canon,[1] so no two Protestants will have the same Rule of Faith. Private judgment is therefore a principle, not of unity but of division; not of concord, but of discord. As one man's private judgment is to him as good as another's, so the religion devised by the one is as good as the religion devised by another. And that is Indifferentism.

Protestantism, I repeat, in theory leads to Indifferentism, to Deism, to Atheism. For if there is no Rule in religion except Scripture interpreted by reason, reason must be above revelation. Therefore, if the Scripture is to bind at all, it must be *clear;* otherwise private judgment would believe without understanding what it believed, and without understanding what the Scripture meant it to believe; which would be to put Scripture above reason, and that by supposition is absurd. Hence it follows that where Scripture appears to teach doctrines above reason—as the Trinity, the Incarnation, and (in a word) all Mysteries—reason must either reject that part of Scripture or must interpret it in such wise that Mysteries shall cease to be mysterious. Thus the authority

[1] Luther rejected the Epistle of St. James because it contradicted his heresy of "justification by faith alone;" the Anglicans retain it. Strauss questioned the authenticity of the four Gospels. Schleiermacher rejected from the Canon the Epistles to Timothy. The "Higher Criticism" is pulling the Old Testament to pieces. If Protestants seem to be unanimous in rejecting whole books and parts of books which appear in the Catholic Canon, it is only a negative unanimity arising from the fact that the great bulk of the people know nothing at all about the subject.

of Scripture is obviously nothing more than the authority of human reason itself, and as human reason varies in various persons, so the interpretation of Scripture varies in various persons. Thus, if Protestantism were true, the religion of Christ would not be one but many—and that is Indifferentism. Again, if Protestantism is true, reason is above revelation, and may therefore accept or reject revelation, and that is Deism; and from Deism to Atheism is a very short and easy descent.

And not in theory only but in practice also—as experience makes painfully evident—it is impossible for a Protestant to grasp with certainty the genuine sense of that Book which he is for ever parading as his one Rule of Faith. The Protestant heresy has had three centuries to prove to the world what principles of stability it possesses, and it has shown itself unstable as quicksilver, changeful as the moon, restless as the sea, ebbing and flowing, chopping and changing, ever in a flux. That heresy started life, as Bossuet in his *Variations*[1] proved, by internal wranglings and disputings, by asserting and denying and modifying and explaining away. And as it began so it has continued, until the sects sprung from it have multiplied to such an extent that subtle ingenuity is required to coin for them names which shall not excite laughter. It has shown itself to be, not a creed, but an amalgam of creeds: a compound without con-

[1] The argument of the *Variations* may be put in a syllogism: "The religion of Christ being based on a revelation which is unchangeable is itself unchangeable. But Protestantism is notoriously changeable. Therefore Protestantism is not the religion of Christ." Or thus:—"The true religion is *one*, as truth is one. But Protestantism is not one, and does not pretend to be one. Therefore Protestantism is not the true religion."

sistency, without cohesion, with no principle of unity, with no connecting bond except that negative bond of bitter hostility to the Catholic Church. Not to mention the mushroom sects that have been born, have flourished, and have died, who that tells over the names of that endless progeny of Protestantism chronicled by Whitaker under the heading of "Religious Denominations," will maintain that Protestantism has grasped with certainty the full and genuine sense of Holy Writ? If so, where is that genuine sense? Among the Second Advent Brethren? or the Hallelujah Band? or the Full Salvationists? or the Followers of Joanna Southcott? or among the Quakers, or Jumpers, or Ranters? among the Glassites, or the Free Gospellers, or the Christadelphians? among the Benevolent Methodists, or the Army of the King's Own? among the Sandemanians, or the Strictly Undenominational, or the Protestants Adhering to Articles One to Eighteen? The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small! They have ground Protestantism into hundreds of sects as cacophonously entitled as those just mentioned. Are not the very names of them enough to "move derision in worldlings and depraved politickes?"

Protestantism both in theory and in practice leads to Indifferentism, Deism, Atheism. A Protestant, finding the Bible in parts all but unintelligible, begins to sit in judgment on it. Is it really inspired, he asks? Is it God's book at all? The Bible says one thing and he takes it to mean another. It tells him that the Eucharist is the real Body and Blood of Christ and he holds it to mean that the Eucharist is *not* the real Body and Blood of Christ. Then he asks himself what, after all, is the

good of the "Lord's Supper," and not finding any satisfactory answer he ceases to attend it. Thus he gives up one of the two Protestant sacraments. Next he begins to doubt about baptism. "Infant Baptism," he says, cannot be proved from Scripture and in the end he rejects Baptismal Regeneration altogether, and abandons the whole sacramental principle. The sacraments gone, he begins to look upon *all* dogma as a restraint on his liberty, and this doubt suggests another. What is the good of teachers in religion? Are they not fallible like himself? Besides, by what title does any minister claim to interfere with his private judgment? What right has any man to intrude between his soul and God? And so he ceases to go to church. Soon it occurs to him that this objection of his applies, not to his own ministers only, but to the "Reformers" also—and thus his belief in Protestantism vanishes. One religion, he says, is just as good as another; and now he is an Indifferentist. But he cannot rest here. Again the idea suggests itself that that objection of his which applied to his ministers and to the "Reformers" is applicable also to the Apostles. So he gives up the Apostles; and with the Apostles, Inspiration; and with Inspiration, the Bible; and with the Bible, Christianity And now he is a Deist. But Deism cannot afford him a lasting foothold. For is there really any God at all? At first the doubt frightens him a little and he puts it away; but only for a time; it comes back again and soon he grows familiar with it. Is there a God? His unruly passions are goading him to evil deeds, and he begins to hope there is not—his companions assure him there is not. Then he meets with an atheist book; it seems

plausible ; he cannot answer the infidel arguments. His doubts grow ever stronger and his belief grows daily weaker. Next he attends a lecture on physical science and the lecturer confidently assures his audience that all things have evolved themselves by chance from a speck or two of protoplasm and laughs sarcastically at the Theistic argument from creatures to a Creator. Our friend goes home and he thinks to himself that after all he does not see that there is any scientific proof for the existence of God, and he persuades himself that things would go on pretty much as at present without this *hypothesis* of a Divine Creator. Thus he lets go his hold on the idea of God, and slips into open unbelief. He is an Atheist. Protestantism in cutting him adrift from the infallible guidance of the Catholic Church had set him on the downward grade, and at length he has reached the bottom a rank and stark Atheist !

To sum up, Protestantism leads to Indifferentism. For its subjective Rule of Faith, private judgment, is no fixed standard, but varies in various persons and makes unity of belief impossible. Its objective Rule of Faith, the Bible, is on Protestant principles uncertain in many ways ; uncertain as to its canon ; uncertain as to its integrity ; uncertain as to its inspiration ; uncertain as to its genuine sense ; uncertain as to the degree and kind of assent it is competent to elicit. Protestantism, therefore, cannot be called a specific heresy. It is but a convenient label for a cluster or constellation of heresies, a galaxy developed by slow but sure evolution from that theoretical haze, or sectarian nebula, flung haphazard into space by the great cloud-compeller, Martin Luther, and the other lesser gods of the "reforming" Olympos.

Protestantism is the Odysseus of the heresies—πολύμητις—a heresy "of many shifts." It is the doctrinal Old Man of the Sea, nimble to change its shape and assume any form by which to slip through the grasp of the pursuing logician. With Gloucester, in Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, it may truly say :—

> "I can add colours to the chameleon,
> Change shapes with Proteus to advantages."

It can be Romanistic, Ritualistic, Rationalistic; Pantheist or Calvinist; Anglican, Lutheran, Unitarian; Low, Broad, High, Dry; blowing hot and blowing cold; expanding and contracting, rising and falling, according to the ever-changing pressure on the controversial barometer. It is never at a loss. From Tradition it appeals to the Bible; from the Bible to the Fathers; from the Fathers to the Councils "of the first four centuries"; from the Councils to reason and private judgment; and at last, hard pressed, it bolts into the covert of the "Higher Criticism" and the *zeitgeist*, only to issue forth at the other side and begin a new round of evasions, as unabashed and glib as ever, stiffly denying what it had just now stoutly affirmed, and presently as strongly affirming what it had before indignantly denied,[1]

[1] Macaulay, *Hist.* chap. i., fully recognized this "variability" of Protestantism: "Arminian doctrines, which on the accession of James no clergyman could have avowed without imminent risk of being stripped of his gown, were now the best title to preferment. A divine of that age who was asked by a simple country gentleman what the Arminians held, answered with as much truth as wit, that they held all the best bishoprics and deaneries in England."

ever wondering at your wonder, amused at your surprise, lifting its eyebrows at your scrupulosity, and quite sincerely scandalised at the narrowness of mind and rigid intolerance of the Catholic intellect which will persist in maintaining that of two contradictories both cannot at the same time be true.

Protestantism, therefore, has led—and could not but lead—to a Babel of contradictions, amid the hubbub of which the English mind, seeking for truth in religion and finding none—amid the unrest of which the English heart, seeking for spiritual consolation in religion and finding none—is driven out of very weariness to give up the quest in despair and to sit down perforce satisfied with any or no form of belief. To prove the falsity of Indifferentism is to prove the falsity of Protestantism, from which Indifferentism is but the logical issue and outcome.

Indifferentism, then, is false and without foundation in either reason or revelation. The proof is easy.

Indifferentism is against reason. For, let us ask, is this statement that one religion is just as good as another to be taken as a universal proposition, or as qualified by certain unstated limitations? And if as a general proposition, then let us make this further inquiry: If one religion is as good as another, is it as good to be a Buddhist as a Baptist? Is it as good to be a Mahommedan as a Methodist? Is it as good to be a follower of the Chinese Confucius as to be a follower of the English General Booth? And if it *is* as good, why does England send out tens of thousands of pounds sterling a year for the conversion of the Buddhist and the Mahommedan, and the disciple of the Chinese Confucius?

And if it is *not* as good, why not? If one religion is as good as another, *why* is not Buddhism or Mahommedanism or Confucianism as good as Anglicanism or Methodism or Quakerism? Modern Enlightenment is not, of course, prepared as yet to push its theory to its full logical conclusion and to assert the equality of all religions, Christian or Pagan. For the present "Advanced Thought" is satisfied with a compromise and limits its contention to this, that any one Christian religion is just as good as any other Christian religion. Very well, but what is the *principle* of this limitation? If one religion is as good as another, *why* is not the worship of the non-Christian as good as the worship of the Christian; why is not the worship of Confucius as good as the worship of Christ? The answer comes pat enough; that faith in Christ is an essential of salvation. Well, but *why* is faith in Christ an essential of salvation? If a man is at liberty to reject some of the doctrines which Christ taught—and the Indifferentist is satisfied with some, otherwise he would not be an Indifferentist—why may he not reject all? Why is a religion good if it accept a fraction of our Lord's teaching, and yet bad if it accept none? Let the Indifferentist enunciate, if he can, the principle according to which you may lawfully reject any part of Christ's teaching, provided only you do not reject the whole. The position of the Indifferentist, in fact, amounts to this; that a non-Christian religion is not as good as a Christian religion because at least a partial belief in Christ is an essential of salvation; but why, on Indifferentist principles, a partial belief in Christ should be an essential of salvation he does not seem to know.

But the difficulty does not stop here. We are told that even on Indifferentist principles, belief in Christ is an essential condition of salvation. Now does the Indifferentist mean by this, belief in Christ as God or only as Man? If he means belief in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, then even Christian religions cannot all be equally good, and therefore Indifferentism must clearly be false. For example, the Unitarians are a Christian sect, and yet they deny the Divinity of Jesus Christ. Is, then, Unitarianism as good as any other religion? If it is, then faith in Christ, as God, is not an essential of salvation. If it is not, then the theory is false that any one Christian religion is as good as any other Christian religion. As the Unitarians are one of the most respectable and best educated of the Protestant sects, the Indifferentist dare not deny that Unitarianism is a Christian religion, and therefore to save his position he is driven to confess that faith in Christ, as Man, is enough. Not that this concession helps him out of the slough. For if belief in Christ, as Man, suffices for salvation, Indifferentism must become more elastic. It must open its arms wider so as to embrace those non-Christian religions that also believe in Christ, as Man. For example, it must include the Mahommedans who believe in Christ, as Man.[1]

But, in this case, the liberal in religion must withdraw the limitation with which he started and must perforce

[1] Jurieu felt this difficulty and cut the knot by confessing that "les Mahométans ne sont qu'une secte du Christianisme."—*Le vrai Système*, p. 237. Nor was Hoadley, the Protestant Bishop of Winchester, less tolerant.—Cf. Milner's *Letters to a Prebendary*, chap. 8.

admit that if one religion is as good as another, it is as good to be a non-Christian as a Christian, it is as good to be a Mahommedan as a Methodist. And if that view be correct, we may be allowed to ask again why Methodists subscribe so liberally towards Christian missions to the Mahommedans?

"One religion is as good as another." It follows, therefore, that the particular doctrine, the characteristic note, the distinguishing tenet, the specific difference, which stamps any one Christian religion and marks it off from every other Christian religion is unnecessary for salvation. Why? Because this particular doctrine is found only in this particular religion, and is not found in any other of the Christian religions which are "just as good" as this. Therefore you need not be a Catholic, and may reject Infallibility. You need not be an Anglican, and may reject the Divinity of Christ. You may join the Greek Church and reject the Procession of the Holy Ghost. You may be a Unitarian and reject the Trinity. With the Presbyterian you may reject Episcopacy. With the Plymouth Brethren you may reject an external Priesthood. With Anglicans you may reject five of the seven Sacraments. In a word, if Indifferentism be true, for every Christian sect that ever existed in the past, does now exist, or shall in the future exist, you may reject some one point at least of the teaching of Jesus Christ; and as the name of these sects is legion, so also legion must be the heads of doctrine taught by Christ which you may reject as unnecessary for salvation! Than which no conclusion could be more ridiculous! Nay, if the Indifferentist will but calculate the amount of agreement among the Christian

sects, he will find that differing from each other at every turn, they are unanimous in little more than this, that there exists a God of some sort who must be worshipped and adored. But the Buddhist and Mahommedan and Confucianist also teach that there exists a God of some sort who must be worshipped and adored; and thus we are led back, by stress of argument, to the question originally proposed: If one religion is as good as another, why is not Buddhism and Mahommedanism and the creed of Confucius as good as Anglicanism or Methodism or the creed of General Booth?

That is the first objection, drawn from reason, against Indifferentism, that it degrades Christianity and leads to Paganism. I now go on to show that it degrades Almighty God and leads to Atheism.

If there is one fact concerning God which plain reasoning makes more certain than another, it is that God is truthful and loves the truth. Even with a man, the worst insult you can offer him is to dub him a liar and a lover of lies. Who, then, but an outrageous blasphemer would have the folly to say of God that He loves untruth? When our Lord described Satan, His arch-enemy—the very antithesis and antipodes of God—He called him a liar and the Father of Lies. God, therefore, loves the truth. But more than this, God *is* the truth. As our Saviour Himself said, "*Ego sum Veritas*," "I *am* the Truth." Truth is of the very essence and substance of God. Consequently, God not only does in fact love the truth, but by the very exigencies of His being, He is necessitated to love it. God can no more cease to love truth than He can cease to be God, and to conceive Him as loving error is, by conception,

to destroy His Godhead. By a law of His Being God hates falsehood with a measureless and undying hatred.

Now to be an Indifferentist and to assert that God is as well satisfied with one religion as with another is to make God a lover of untruth! Why? Again the proof is easy.

For these different religions contradict one another. Now of two contradictory propositions one is true, the other is false. Two contradictories cannot both be true. Given the truth of one, the falsehood of the other necessarily follows. To demonstrate the evident truth of the one, is, by the very fact, to demonstrate the evident falsehood of the other. So that if two religions hold contradictory doctrines, one of the two must inevitably be teaching error. For example, one creed asserts the existence of hell where mortal sin unforgiven is punished eternally; another creed denies the existence of hell. Again, one creed teaches that Christ is God; another creed denies that Christ is God. Once more, one creed maintains that God is one nature with a threefold personality; another creed denies that God is one nature with a threefold personality. Furthermore, one creed affirms that faith alone, without good works, is sufficient for salvation; another creed denies the sufficiency of faith alone for salvation. Lastly, one creed sets forth that the Pope is infallible and possesses universal jurisdiction; another creed denies the Infallibility of the Pope and contends that his jurisdiction is limited. Now of these ten contradictory propositions, chosen at random by way of specimen, five are necessarily true, the contradictory five are just as

necessarily false. Either there is a hell, or there is not ; if there is, then the sect which denies the existence of hell is obviously teaching error. Either Christ is God or He is not ; if He is, then the sect which denies His Godhead is obviously teaching error. Either God is Three Persons in One Nature or He is not ; if He is, then the sect which denies the Trinity is obviously teaching error. Either faith alone without good works is enough for salvation or it is not ; if it is not, then the sect which maintains its sufficiency is obviously teaching error. Lastly, either the Pope is infallible or he is not ; if he is, then the sect which questions his Infallibility is obviously teaching error.

To say, therefore, that God is equally pleased with all religions is the same thing as to say that God is equally pleased with truth and with error. It is the same thing as to say that God is like the devil, a liar and a lover of lies. It is the same thing as to say that God has ceased to be God. Consequently, Indifferentism, both in theory and in practice, leads to Atheism. To affirm that one religion is as good as another, is, so far as lies in man's power, to pluck God down from His throne in heaven.

But the Indifferentist is not quite run to earth yet. He has still one little pin-prick of a hole by which to escape. For, he says, the multitudinous sects do of course contradict one another, one on one point and one on another ; still the points of difference are minor, trivial, unimportant ; while the points of agreement are solid, substantial, fundamental. The differences are accidental ; the agreement is essential.

Yes, that is the usual answer to the argument just put

forward, an answer too foolish and too flimsy to call for a serious reply. For is it a minor question whether the condemned sinner is to burn in eternal flames or is not? Is it a trivial point whether Christ is God or is not? Is it unimportant whether in God there are Three Persons or there are not? Is it not substantial whether good works are needed for salvation or are not? Is it not fundamental whether the Pope be infallible or be not?

But if the Indifferentist should still in sheer desperation deny, as he does deny, that such discrepancies are substantial and fundamental; if he should still regard as trivial and accidental the points at issue between Baptist and Methodist, between Quaker and Presbyterian, between Calvinist and Lutheran, between Low Church and Broad Church, and High Church and Ritualism, and between those thousand and one other battling sects and sections of that many-headed religion, which we call by the generic name of "Protestantism"; then, it may well be asked, who is to decide what on the one hand is accidental, and what on the other hand is essential. The Catholic asserts that all these points are clearly essential: the Indifferentist, under pressure of argument, is compelled to deny that they are essential. Who is to decide our differences? Is the appeal again to be to private judgment? Are we to appeal *from* private judgment *to* private judgment? If so, why is not my private judgment as a Catholic every bit as good as the private judgment of the Indifferentist? What, then, is the rule by which to distinguish essentials from non-essentials, fundamentals from non-fundamentals? "*Question*," says the Protestant Jurieu, "*épineuse et difficile à*

décider!" Yes, a thorny question hard to settle! Are we again to "*feel*" the difference? If private judgment renders agreement in religion impossible, it also renders impossible agreement as to what is fundamental in religion. For example, the Anglican asserts Infant Baptism to be fundamental; the Baptist denies it. The Baptist holds belief in the Trinity to be fundamental; the Unitarian denies it. And in opposition to all three - Anglican, Baptist, Unitarian—the Catholic and Infallible Voice teaches that everything is fundamental which God has revealed for our belief. This does not, of course, mean that when truth is compared with truth there are not in the Deposit of Faith cardinal dogmas on which other dogmas turn, certain central doctrines from which other doctrines radiate, or to which other doctrines converge. But all revealed doctrines are essential and fundamental in this sense that belief in them is of Divine obligation. For the amount of obligation to believe is not measured by the abstract importance of the truth in question, but by the fact that it is a truth revealed by the All-knowing and All-truthful God. The amount of obligation to believe is not measured by the truth believed, but by the motive for believing it. If a doctrine is not revealed by God, it can never be believed with Divine faith. If it is revealed by God, in that case whether in itself it seem important or trivial, intelligible or beyond our mental grasp, there is the same overwhelming motive for believing it as for believing any other part of revelation. To reject a single revealed doctrine is to reject all; for to reject one is to reject the motive which is the warranty and guarantee for all—the revealed word of God Who can

neither deceive nor be deceived. "To offend in one point is to be guilty of all."

The first objection to Indifferentism was this, that it is a contradiction of reason; it degrades Christianity and leads to Paganism; it degrades Almighty God and leads to Atheism. The second objection is this: Indifferentism is moreover a contradiction of revelation.

This new fangled theory that one religion is as good as another is contrary to the revealed word of God. It is in opposition to the Bible. For it is laid down with unmistakable clearness in the Scriptures that not only must man worship God, but he must worship God in that particular and precise way which God Himself has appointed. Nothing is more obvious in Holy Writ than this, that God has *not* given men a choice of religions. He has not left His religion to be interpreted by the fitful, the fanciful, the ever-changing, and, of course, in the great majority of cases, the uninformed private judgment of the individual. God has not said, "Here I reveal unto you a religion, but I leave it to your private judgment to accept or reject it at will." God has left it to no man to manufacture a religion for himself. No! The Divine command shuts out all doubt that the true religion must be *one*. If there is anything clear in Scripture, it is that the religion of Jesus Christ must be one. If you cannot prove from the Bible the unity of the Christian religion, then from the Bible you can prove nothing whatever.

Consider, for example, that prayer to the Father which Christ made for His Church, as it is reported in the Gospel of St. John[1]: "Holy Father, guard them in Thy

[1] Chap. xvii. 11.

Name, those whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be *one* even as We also are one." Here, then, is the explicit declaration of Christ Himself that the unity of His Church is like the unity of God; that His religion is one, just as God is one; that there are no more two true religions than there are two true Gods.

That is the testimony of St. John to the fact that one religion is *not* just as good as another. Nor is it St. John's only testimony. For again, in his Gospel,[1] he records another and not less emphatic declaration of Our Lord to the same effect, this time not by way of prayer, but of prophecy: "There shall be *one* fold, and *one* Shepherd." According to Jesus Christ, then, there is but one true religion. Wherefore when the Indifferentist proclaims that one religion is as good as another, he contradicts Jesus Christ.

Nor are the declarations of St. Paul on this head less clear or less emphatic than those of St. John. "For as in one body," he says,[2] "we have many members, but all have not the same office; so we being many are one body in Christ." And again: "There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all."[3] And again, notice the Apostle's stern condemnation of the man who ventures to add to or subtract from the doctrines of Our Lord, and to change the Gospel of Christ "unto another Gospel which is not another." "A man that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition, avoid; knowing that he that is such an one is subverted and sinneth, being condemned by his own judgment."[4] This certainly is

[1] Chap. x. 16. [2] Rom. xii. 4. [3] Ephes. iv. 4–6. [4] Titus iii. 10.

emphatic language, and yet in another place St. Paul uses language even more emphatic still. For read what he says in his letter to the Galatians,[1] and consider whether there could possibly be a more scathing condemnation of modern Indifferentism, a condemnation twice repeated to make it clear that such denunciation is no mere figure of speech or rhetorical exaggeration. Those of his converts among the Galatians who having given ear to false teachers had wavered in the one true faith, St. Paul addresses thus: "O senseless Galatians, who hath bewitched you that you should not obey the truth?" And again: "I wonder that you are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ, unto another Gospel which is not another; but there are some that trouble you and would pervert the Gospel of Christ. But though we, *or an angel from heaven*, preach a Gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be ANATHEMA. As we said before, so now I say again: If any one preach to you a gospel besides that which you have received, *let him be ANATHEMA*."

The pleasant and popular theory, then, that any one religion is just as good as any other, is as clearly against the word of God as handed down by St. Paul, as it was against the word of God as handed down by St. John. But to drive the argument home and clinch it, and to make assurance doubly sure that Indifferentism contradicts the Bible, let us glance at yet one other passage of Holy Writ, I mean that great and solemn commission given to the Apostles and their successors to go forth and teach: "Going, teach ye all nations . . . teaching

[1] Chap. i, 6.

them to observe ALL THINGS whatsoever I have commanded you."[1] "He that believeth," that is, believeth ALL THINGS, "and is baptized, shall be saved. He that believeth not," that is, ALL THINGS, "he shall be condemned," or, as it reads in the Protestant Version, "he shall be damned."[2]

Now, mark well, there is no compromise here. Englishmen love compromise and have introduced compromise even into their acceptance of faith and doctrine. But compromise in faith and doctrine has no sanction from Jesus Christ. It is utterly repudiated, it is sternly reprobated, by Jesus Christ. Our Lord does *not* say: "Go and teach, but be careful to teach only essentials, do not enforce anything but fundamentals, and moreover be very careful to leave each individual to judge and decide for himself what is essential and fundamental." He does *not* say: "Go and teach a smattering of My religion." He does *not* say: "Go and give a free choice to men to pick and choose what pleases them; to take and leave what pleases them not." No! nothing of the kind. Christ's command is most clear and precise: "Go and teach ALL THINGS whatsoever I have commanded." Add nothing. Take away nothing. Nor does our Lord leave us in doubt as to whether He gives men free choice to admit or deny His doctrines according as those doctrines commend themselves or not to each one's private judgment. No! once again the Divine earnestness is most manifest, the words of the Great Teacher are clear and emphatic beyond mistake. The reward for *complete* obedience is to be Heaven. The penalty for *any* disobedience is to be Hell. "He

[1] Matt. xxviii. 19. [2] Mark xvi. 16.

that believeth," that is, "all things which I have commanded," "and is baptized, shall be saved. He that believeth not," that is, "all things which I have commanded," "shall be damned."

Indifferentism, therefore, is not only a flagrant contradiction of reason; it is also an obvious contradiction of revelation. It leads to Deism. It leads to Atheism. And our gentle Saviour assures us that it also leads to Eternal Damnation!

If a man is to be saved he must believe, not any Gospel he likes, but the one, undiminished, unmutilated, uncorrupted Gospel of Christ. Where is that one Gospel to be found? That it exists and must exist we know, since we have the promise of Him whose words can never fail that the Spirit of Truth shall abide for ever with the Apostles and their Successors, the bishops and priests of the Catholic Church, to guide them into all truth. We have His promise that He Himself will abide with them all days, even till the consummation of the world; the promise of Him who said: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away." Where is that one Gospel to be found? *In the Catholic Church alone!* In that Church alone whose centre is in Rome and whose circumference covers the earth. In that Church alone in which the infallible voice of the Vicar of Christ has for nineteen centuries preserved that striking concord, that marvellous unity, that stupendous universality, which exists to-day as a mighty miracle, plain as a mountain, known to friends and foes alike, which no man can deny. In any other Church than the Church Catholic there are as many opinions as there are members—*Quot homines, tot*

sententiæ! Other Churches have "another Gospel which is not another." If the true and perfect Gospel be not found within the Catholic Church, what has become of Christ's teaching? What has become of Christianity? It has gone for ever! Disappeared! Sunk from sight in the shifting sands of fallible human opinion! And in that case Christianity is a sham and an imposture! If Indifferentism is true, then Christianity is false!

It is a thought full of comfort and consolation for us Catholics that our feet are about that Foundation Rock of Peter against which the Gates of Hell shall never prevail. There is but one true unfailing faith, and that faith by a pure gift of God we Catholics possess. But while, on the one hand, we should remember to pay daily thanks to God for this priceless favour, on the other hand, we should equally remember that it is not for us to judge others and to attribute moral fault to intellectual error. God is their Judge, not we. What extenuating causes there are He knows, and we know not. St. Paul was once "a blasphemer and a persecuter and contumelious," who taught "contrary to the sound doctrine which is according to the Gospel of the Blessed God"; and yet he did it "ignorantly in unbelief."[1] And as the Apostle Paul pleaded his ignorance to excuse himself, so the Apostle Peter pleaded their ignorance to excuse his people. "You denied the Holy One and the Just and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; but the Author of life ye slew. . . . And now, brethren, I know that *you did it through ignorance*."[2] And did not our Lord Himself during His Agony on the Cross petition

[1] 1 Tim. i. 10–13. [2] Acts iii. 17.

His Father again and again for pardon of His persecutors, pleading in their behalf that "they know not what they do."[1] Therefore the measure of the Indifferentist's responsibility before God it is not ours to gauge; that is the secret of the Searcher of hearts, for "all things are naked and open to His eyes." But as regards those many souls whose ignorance of Catholic truth, and consequent Indifferentism, is the fatal heirloom of many generations, may we not hope that beneath the outer husk of prejudice and false principle there lurks the sweet fruit of sincere "goodwill"? This much at least is certain that the greater number of Indifferentists in deserting the Protestant sects, have not given up Christianity, but only the distorted shadow of Christianity. It is not the Gospel of Christ they have rejected, but only "another Gospel which is not another." They have not renounced the true faith nor abandoned the true Church; for a man cannot renounce what he never knew nor abandon what he never possessed. Pius IX., in his Encyclical to the Italian Episcopate, August 10, 1863, wrote these consoling words: "It is known to us and to you that those who are in invincible ignorance of our holy religion, and who, carefully fulfilling the natural law and the precepts thereof inscribed by God in the hearts of all, besides being in the disposition to obey God, live a good and upright life, can, by the aid of Divine light and grace, attain to life eternal."

[1] Luke xxiii. 34.

ST. PETER FOURIER[1]

(1565–1640)

BY THE VERY REV. A. ALLARIA, D.D.

In the merciful designs of Divine Providence, by a solemn Decree of the Sovereign Pontiff, there was canonized on May 27, 1897, a man whose life was spent in promoting Christian education, chiefly among the poor. This man was Peter Fourier, a Canon Regular of Lorraine, who, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, founded the first Congregation devoted to the free daily education of poor girls. To all those who are interested in the cause of Christian education a short biography of such a man may prove of great interest.

Fourier was also a true reformer. Raised by God, he did in Lorraine what the Venerable Charles Faure and the Venerable Alan de Solminiac were at the same time doing in other parts of France; he

[1] The materials for this biography have been derived from the following works: *La vie du Tres Reverend Père Pierre Fourier dit vulgairement, Le Père de Mattaincourt*, par le R. P. Jean Bèdel; *Idea Boni Parochi et Perfecti religiosi, Life of Blessed Peter Fourier*, translated from the French of E. de Bazelaire; *Histoire du B. Pierre Fourier*, par M. l'Abbé Chapia *Alix le Clerc, dite en religion Mére Thérèse de Jesus.*

cleansed the monasteries of the Canons Regular from those defilements which the laxity of the age had introduced even into the sanctuary. The admirable manner in which he effected this reform, and the excellent Constitutions he composed for his reformed brethren, would be sufficient to proclaim him a great man. Nor was this all. His great virtue and character shone even more in the humble and laborious office of a village parish priest. It was in the discharge of the pastoral office that he showed that versatility of genius and truly remarkable Christian philanthropy which gained for him that sweet appellation, by which he is still almost exclusively known in those parts, "The good Father of Mattaincourt."

Peter Fourier was born on the last day of November, 1565, at Mirecourt, an ancient town of Lorraine. His father, a true patriarch and model of primitive virtue, considered that by the law of primogeniture Peter belonged in an especial manner to God. The youth, giving signs of vocation to the priesthood, was sent, at the age of fifteen, to the University of Pont-à-Mousson, then under the direction of the Jesuits. During the time he spent there he was remarkable alike for his piety and for his literary accomplishments. So great was his reputation even then that, at the request of many noble families, he opened a school at Mirecourt.

But Peter Fourier was not destined to live in the world. At the age of twenty we find him at the gates of the Abbey of Chaumousey, founded in 1094 for Canons Regular of St. Augustine, by Sehérus d'Epinal. In this Abbey Fourier received the religious habit, and, having edified his brethren by his irreproachable life and austerity, he made his solemn profession in 1587. On February 25, 1589, he was

ordained priest at Trèves, but his great humility would not suffer him to celebrate the Divine Mysteries for some months.

After his ordination Fourier returned, by order of his superiors, to the University of Pont-à-Mousson, to finish his theological studies. Here he developed an extraordinary ability for the study of patristic theology, and became so proficient in that science that in after years he would often quote by heart long extracts from St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and St. Gregory. His knowledge of the Angelic Doctor was so profound, that his companions were wont to say that, should the *Summa* of St. Thomas be lost, it could be restored by Peter Fourier.

At the end of six years Peter was recalled by the Abbot to his monastery, where for some time he lived an austere and mortified life. But his friends were desirous of seeing him engaged in the active duties of pastoral care. Three parishes served from the Abbey were offered to him. He then consulted his spiritual guide, Father John Fourier, a Jesuit, as to the choice he should make. And the answer was: "If you seek riches and honour, choose either Nommeny or St. Martin of Pont-à-Mousson; but if arduous labour without any human recompense will satisfy you, then accept Mattaincourt." Without a moment's hesitation, with the permission of his Abbot, Fourier accepted the last-named parish, of which he took possession on the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity, in 1597, and began his spiritual ministrations on the Feast of Corpus Christi in the same year.

Mattaincourt, the field of Fourier's pastoral labours for thirty years, is a village about two miles from the town of Mirecourt, in the Vosges, which was then noted for the manufacture of lace and cloth. Even

in our days fine pillow-lace is made by women and girls in almost every cottage. At this time, the frequent intercourse of the people with Switzerland had served to introduce many vices and the germs of Protestantism into the parish, which had acquired the name of "Little Geneva."

But soon a change took place and a moral revolution was accomplished. By his instructions, patience, example, and continual prayer the holy priest rooted out every disorder, and religion was restored. His love for his parishioners is well expressed in his own words. Writing to his friends, he says: "You can never know the depth of the love which a priest bears towards his children until you become a priest yourself." No wonder that his spiritual children loved him in return; and we are told that, whenever he came back from some journey, his parishioners went in a body to meet him and to escort him home with rejoicings.

Although Fourier watched over the spiritual welfare of the souls committed to his care, yet he did not neglect their temporal prosperity. Our Saint had a creative and organizing mind for all the needs of his people. But as Bèdel, his pupil, confidant, and biographer, tells us, "He had an especial compassion for those tradesmen who, by misfortune in business, robberies, or other causes not in their own power to prevent, had fallen from abundance into a state of want. For their benefit he founded a fund which he called, after the Patron Saint of the parish, 'St. Evre's Purse,' into which he placed all the pious legacies left at his disposal, fines, and other sums. When any one of his parishioners was in arrears and could prove his difficulties, a few hundred francs were given to him from this fund, in

order to enable him to continue his trade. The only condition attached to this grant was that it should be repaid if the receiver were to become rich. This scheme answered so well that with this money a fund was established, the interest of which was applied to a similar purpose." Thus in the beginning of the seventeenth century the creative mind of Fourier had already established what, in our day, we should call benefit societies, savings banks, or similar associations.

Fourier himself, whilst he was generous with the indigent, led a life temperate, poor, and mortified to the extreme. "He never," writes his disciple and biographer, "had any fire in his house, not even in winter, except in case of sickness, or the reception of some person of distinction. He let a barn, attached to the rectory, to a poor woman, who discharged her rent in cooking the simple food of the Father. He only had a bed for show, as he never used it, but took his rest upon a wooden bench, a foot-and-a-half wide. In order that every person might easily approach him, he stood before the door of his house and remained there, sometimes for two hours, in the depth of winter. One consulted him about a lawsuit, another about a journey he was going to make, a third upon his wants; and whilst he imparted advice and comfort to all, he suffered the most severe pains, and his feet were often quite frozen—the effects of which troubled him for some years afterwards. With the exception of the little needed for his own sustenance, Fourier gave the whole of his substance to the poor, whom he told never to be ashamed of asking him for relief, as all that he possessed belonged to them; so that they grew accustomed to ask him for every-

thing they wanted. Sometimes it was money for butter, or for milk for a child; and no applicant was ever refused, God multiplying the means. He informed himself of the way each one earned his livelihood, what profit he made on his wares, and the rest, in order to find out the bashful poor. . . . He would often procure delicacies for the poor and infirm, and he continually visited them, served them, and watched whole nights at their bedsides."

But if the holy parish priest was all heart and tenderness towards those who were in need, he could also be firm; and when God's glory demanded, he would show the zeal that consumed his soul. To his title of parish priest was joined that of magistrate. This authority he used to correct disorders and punish those who would not listen to his admonitions, by imposing fines upon the guilty, and applying the sums they received to the relief of the poor.

The better to provide for the spiritual needs of his children, Fourier established in his church three confraternities—that of St. Sebastian for men, that of the Holy Rosary for married women, and that of the Immaculate Conception for the Children of Mary. As a consequence of all these labours and well-regulated zeal, so great was the change that soon took place in the parish of Mattaincourt, that the Bishop expressed the wish to have five such priests in his diocese, one at each corner, and one in the middle.

About a quarter of a mile from Mattaincourt is a hillock overlooking the village across the valley formed by the river Maddon. Tradition relates that the holy parish priest was wont to retire there and pray for his parishioners, at the foot of a young tree which he had planted near to a fountain which

has become celebrated under the name of the "Good Father's spring." On this spot, consecrated by the prayers of Fourier, and visited every year by thousands of pilgrims who come to drink at the "spring," a beautiful little chapel has been erected, and the inhabitants of Mattaincourt consider that their holy pastor still watches over them and their dead who sleep in the adjacent cemetery.

Whilst Peter Fourier was promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of those who had been committed to his care, his earnest desire was to perpetuate the work of reform which through his labours had been accomplished in his parish. But as his old biographer tells us, he saw that to attain this end the children should be trained under Christian influence from their infancy. The holy man "fasted, kept vigil, prayed, wore a hair-shirt, said mass every day, so that he might obtain from on high a blessing on his labours and the grace of the Holy Spirit, to see the fittest and surest means of happily attaining his object. After much prayer he concluded that there was nothing better to be done, than to take the children in hand, even from the cradle, to keep them carefully from sin, and to bring their hearts under the influence of virtue, as soon as their mothers' milk was denied them, hoping that when the old sinners, who till then filled the land, should die, their place would be taken by children so well nurtured that the world would be changed in fifty years. . . . After many prayers he came to the conclusion that the most advantageous means would be to establish an order in the Church whose chief object should be to break the bread of life to these little ones, impressing on their tender hearts the love of virtue and the horror

of sin." This solemn resolution was taken on the eve of St. Sebastian, January 19, 1598, as we learn from Peter Fourier himself, who kept this anniversary to the end of his life, and in remembrance of this great event, the Canonesses of his Order make a special communion on the same day every year.

There was, however, a great difficulty in the matter ; it was the danger of bringing together the children of both sexes. To avoid this, and to make the work as perfect as possible, he considered it necessary to have a religious order of women for the girls, and one of men for the boys ; who should educate the children gratuitously, so that no child, for want of a halfpenny a week, should be deprived of the benefit of instruction.

Fourier set to work first with the men, "choosing five or six young men," the old biographer tells us, "who had some instruction. These he gathered in the presbytery to instruct and to try what he could make of them. But the time had not yet come, one ran away, another asked to be dismissed, a third became weary of the work, so that in three months they had all disappeared." This part of the work was reserved to another holy priest, Blessed de la Salle, who lived a few years later. Peter's success in his plans for girls surpassed even his expectation. In answer to his prayers, and moved by his earnest exhortations, five young women determined to renounce the world, and to give themselves to the practice of virtue, and good work in labouring for the good of their neighbours, if possible, in some new religious order. Alix le Clerc, twenty years old, was the first who presented herself and manifested her desire to the good father. Four of her companions, Ganthe

André, Claudia Chauvenel, Jane de Louvroir and her sister Isabella, hearing of her determination, made known to the holy pastor their desire to join with Alix. Great was the joy of Fourier, but proceeding slowly and with great precaution, he took time before giving them a definite answer, putting before their minds the many difficulties, and obstacles, which they would have to overcome. Satisfied, at length, that their vocation was true and solid, he allowed them to attend the midnight Mass of Christmas, 1597, dressed in black, and wearing veils, so that the crib of our Saviour was also in a manner, just three hundred years ago, the cradle of the glorious Institute, afterwards, by the sanction of the Holy See, known as the Congregation of Nôtre Dame.

In order that these young postulants might be thoroughly tried and trained for the religious life and for the work they were to undertake, Fourier confided them to the care of Madame d'Apremont, a Canoness of the noble chapter at Poussey, about three miles from Mattaincourt. He visited them often, and after they had been submitted to severe trials, being convinced of their vocation, he gave them some regulations, and with the Bishop's approval, desired them to return to Mattaincourt, where living in the same house, they began to instruct gratuitously the poor girls, as they had previously done at Poussay. Alix le Clerc was named Superior of the little community, which soon began to increase. Girls flocked to their school from the neighbouring villages. Fourier himself took his share in the work of instructing the poor. Mother Angélique, one of the first who joined the little community, relates that their hol

director had an admirable method of instilling into his spiritual daughters a love for the instruction of the young. "When they conversed with him on the subject of their classes, or of the plans they had conceived for the advancement of their pupils, and the inspiring them with a distaste for vanities and dangerous assemblies, he was so pleased, that every one saw that nothing could give him greater pleasure. He occupied himself with the smallest details which regarded their manners. He particularly applied himself to making the religious capable of imparting the necessary instruction to their children. He even went so far as to teach them to read well and correctly, and to give them methods of teaching the principles of orthography, and the rules of arithmetic. Every day they received a short lesson from him."

It was at this time that the zealous parish priest introduced in his church a practice which was the source of many blessings to his people. He composed some dialogues, which treated of the virtues opposed to the vices most common among his parishioners and in the neighbourhood. These dialogues the children were taught to deliver by heart and with grace. Every Sunday, after vespers, he would first teach the Catechism; then the children, who had been instructed by the nuns, would publicly recite the dialogues they had learnt at school. At first the parents came to hear their children; then others, attracted by the novelty, came also. The divine truths delivered through these innocent lips made an impression on hardened hearts; and old sinners, who had been deaf to the eloquent voice of their pastor, were moved and converted by the voice of these young preachers.

The holy Founder, at the outset, solicited the ap-

probation of his Bishop for his new Institute, which was granted after Fourier had explained his plans and eloquently pleaded before a large assembly of learned ecclesiastics and church dignitaries. When, a short time after, it was deemed expedient to found a second house at St. Mihiel, Eric de Lorraine, Bishop of Verdun, had the question of the new Institute again investigated and gave it his sanction. In 1603 the Cardinal of Lorraine, Legate of the Holy See, also approved of it, declaring it to be "most useful at the present time." By Papal Bulls dated 1615 and 1616, Pope Paul V. erected the Institute into a religious order, and by another Bull Pope Urban VIII. in 1628 permitted the nuns to take a fourth vow binding themselves to the gratuitous education of poor children.

"Considering," says the Bull, "that the holy Apostolic See has always had care, with no less wisdom and vigilance than liberality, of the education and instruction of Christian youth . . . but that the public instruction of the young girls has not been yet undertaken in the manner it ought to be, whence it followed that their parents' means being insufficient to meet the expense, the training of women in the paths of virtue seemed to be neglected. . . . We have thought that we should fulfil a duty of our pastoral charge in favouring the designs of virgins offering to Jesus Christ, under the yoke of religion, a holocaust of their chastity, and feeling compassion for the weakness of poor girls, take upon themselves the care of their education. Therefore, having lately been presented with a petition, showing that the Holy See had erected a convent at Nancy . . . and that several Bishops, on their own authority, had established similar

houses . . . in which virgins, full of zeal, advance the public welfare by applying themselves with all possible piety, usefulness, and disinterestedness to the instruction of girls, admitting within their schools the poor, the rich, and the noble, in order to train them to live worthily and honestly, but especially omitting nothing to preserve these tender children in all innocence, and to embellish their souls with virtue which ordinarily accompanies a good education. . . . In this task these religious have succeeded in obtaining the applause of prelates, magistrates, citizens, and people. . . . It is not yet determined to what particular rule, among those under the name of St. Augustine, they should be attached, but they wish to follow that of the regular canons which flourish in their country." The Sovereign Pontiff then confirms in perpetuity "the institute of these mothers and their convents and houses," giving them the title of "Regular Canonesses of St. Augustine," of the "Congregation of Nôtre Dame."

The new teaching order founded by Peter Fourier, assisted by Alix le Clerc, and solemnly approved by the Holy See, soon spread through Lorraine, France, and Germany. At the death of the holy Founder, in 1640, there were 32 convents of the order, in 1656 more than 57, at the time of his Beatification by Benedict XIII., in 1730, they had increased to 80, and just before the French Revolution there were nearly 100. At the present day there are some 30 convents, principally in France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland.

The work, with some modifications, was soon introduced into the New World, in a remarkable way. The Canonesses of the convent at Troyes had for some time earnestly desired to carry on the object of

their Order in Canada. Circumstances, however, prevented their going ; but, at their request, Margaret Bourgeoys, the President of the Confraternity of Children of Mary attached to their convent, gladly crossed the ocean. On the Feast of St. Catherine, 1657, she opened a school at Montreal, then called Ville Marie, in which, in accordance with the principle laid down by Peter Fourier, the poor were taught gratuitously. The school was a great success, but Margaret soon felt the need of fellow-workers. She therefore returned to France to seek for them among her sisters, the Children of Mary, at Troyes. The religious willingly gave her all the assistance they could ; three members of the sodality volunteered for the work, to whom a fourth was added from Paris. Returning to Canada with her companions, Margaret opened a boarding as well as a day school. Fresh workers came, and in 1676 they were formed into the "Congregation of Nôtre Dame." Margaret Bourgeoys died in 1700. The cause of her canonization was introduced in 1871, and in 1879 she was declared Venerable. The work she had transplanted from France to Canada is still flourishing and progressing. At her death there were ten houses in the Dominion. There are now 96 spread over the whole of North America, under a Superioress-General, who resides at Montreal, where is the mother house of the congregation.

When it became evident that the new order was taking root and spreading, the holy Founder was requested by his spiritual daughters and by Mgr. de Lenoncourt, Bishop of Nancy, to supplement the temporary regulations which he had given them in 1598 by more ample and developed constitutions. He set to work, and in 1617 he gave them the

Statutes, which the Bishop formally approved. But it was only a short time before his death that the Constitutions, as they are now to be seen in the original MS. religiously preserved in the Convent of Mattaincourt, were completed. In this admirable work—approved for the whole congregation by Pope Innocent X. in 1645—the fruit of forty years of study and experience, the holy Founder keeps constantly in view the characteristic object of his institute, the union of the contemplative with the active life, the duties of Mary with those of Martha.

The work is divided into five parts. A complete section is on "The Education of Children," and is subdivided into two chapters, "On the management of boarders" and "The instruction of day scholars." The rules given by Fourier for the education of female children of the middle and higher classes are full of wisdom and most important. But the instruction of the poorer classes was his particular object, and it may be interesting to know what the holy priest thought on this point. In our days we hear so much of board schools, compulsory education, female learning, women's rights, that we may be excused if we give a few extracts to show what was Fourier's idea of Christian education for the children of the poorer classes.

In the preamble to the chapter "On the instruction of the day-scholars," he says: "It is most expedient and essential for the good of the poor children, their fathers and mothers, and the families they will one day rule, and the commonwealth itself, that they should be early brought up and carefully instructed in the fear of God, and as much as possible in every thing which can be of service to them in enabling them to get their living." This was to be done with

a view of preventing them from falling into misery. Nothing, indeed, tends so much to this as accustoming women to useful work, especially in all that concerns the home and housekeeping. Therefore the rule adds: "The nuns will strive to teach their little scholars whatever lies in their power, as religious to do, and which will be befitting for girls in the world to practise, to please God, their parents, and others belonging to them. To dispose them in such manner as to make them possess a becoming exterior joined to a pure interior; to exercise them in the holy love of God and a sincere charity for their neighbours; to conduct themselves wisely among the rich and great of the earth, and in times of poverty, neglect, and want; to enable them to see and provide in all prudence, and in time for the necessities of the present life, and the wants of their bodies, and all directed with especial regard to a happy eternity." No one will deny that we have here a noble model for female education; the education, be it remembered, of the daughters of the poor. They were to be taught not useless and fanciful things, but "the Catechism . . . a love of virtue, of good works, and of Christian manners . . . civility and propriety of behaviour . . . reading, writing, arithmetic, sewing, and other feminine occupations, and whatever may be of use to those who are likely to have need of their services." The spiritual welfare of the poor must go first, but Fourier makes also manual labour occupy a large share in their education. No wonder, then, that in a petition which he presented at Rome, to obtain the canonical institution of his religious, he could write, "that it has been a subject of remark and admiration that the children who pass under their care undergo a wonder-

ful reformation. It is seen that in a short time they learn, without much trouble, manual occupations, especially the poorer sort, who were before ignorant of anything by which they might earn their livelihood, but who now support themselves honourably, and even contribute to the means of their poor widowed mothers and their young brothers and sisters."

To school-mistresses, pupil-teachers, and others who may have to deal with non-Catholic children, called by Fourier, "poor wanderers," the following regulations given by him, may be of interest.

"If any girl of this so-called Reformation should be found among your pupils, treat her kindly and charitably; do not permit the other children to molest or taunt her. Be not hasty in asking her to renounce her errors, nor speak harshly of her religion, but as occasion may offer, praise ours, and speaking in general terms to all your scholars, show how beautiful and reasonable are its holy precepts and practices. Particularly impress on their minds the fear of God, and that children owe the greatest respect and love to their parents."

The completeness of the system introduced by Fourier for the education of poor girls is remarkable. Everything that is necessary for the formation of good housekeepers is observed. His method always tends to some useful purpose. "The children shall be taught to write receipts and bills of goods, &c. The more advanced shall also be occasionally exercised in composition; they shall be made to write letters to their companions on various subjects. They shall be taught to speak and pronounce correctly the language of their province, yet without any affectation or ostentation."

The holy Founder crowns his work with announcing

the great, and the then new, principle of gratuitous education. "In order that Our Lord may be their only paymaster . . . and to give every facility to the poorest children as well as to the rich, they shall teach gratuitously—purely for the love of God, and shall neither ask for nor accept of anything, either from the scholars or their parents or from others in their name."

Whilst Peter Fourier was thus occupied in feeding his spiritual flock at Mattaincourt, and in directing the work he had created by the institution of a new religious congregation devoted to education of the poor, Divine Providence had destined him to undertake another great enterprise.

The ancient religious orders, as Dom Calmet tells us, had at that epoch, in Lorraine, fallen into a sad state of irregular observance. The order to which Fourier belonged was not an exception. However, in in the year 1621, the Bishop of Toul (Mgr. des Porcelets de Maillane) considered that in the holy Canon of Mattaincourt he had a fit instrument to bring about the desired reform of the Canons Regular. He therefore obtained from Rome a brief, naming Peter Fourier Visitor-General of the abbeys of his order in Lorraine, with full power of redressing abuses, re-establishing the ancient discipline, and punishing the guilty. In accordance with the dispositions of the Council of Trent, it was proposed to unite together all the houses of the order in those parts and to form of them one congregation which should be disposed to embrace the reform. The Bishop urgently pressed the good Father to begin the work without delay. "In the name of God," he writes, May 16, 1622, "let it please you to come instantly to our assistance . . . for the sake of your order you cannot refuse to help,

for I am only an outsider, and you are an interested party. . . . Pray make no delay, for I can wait no longer. Send or bring all the Constitutions of the order which you may have. Come, and let us commence immediately." And the work was begun. An appeal was made to all the religious. Only four attended the summons, and to these were added two students from the University. The first thing Fourier and his new companions did was to enter into retreat, which was to prepare them for their warfare. As they were refused any other asylum they were at first received at the Abbey of St. Mary Major of Pont-à-Mousson, belonging to the Premonstratensians, lately reformed by Servais Lairuel, an old co-disciple and friend of Fourier.

The first novices of the reform were clothed on the Feast of the Purification, February 2, 1623. A few days after they were received in the Monastery of St. Rèmi of Luneville, where they made their profession in the hands of the Abbot, who formally handed over the house to them. The reform soon spread, and in the space of four years it was embraced by all the other Abbeys in Lorraine, which, in 1629, were formed into the Congregation of "Our Saviour," and solemnly approved by the Holy See. Fourier, fearing lest he should be elected General of the new congregation, delayed to renew his vows till Father Guinet had been appointed. But the latter dying in 1632 our Saint, after two unanimous elections, was constrained to take the office.

The work of the reform among the Canons Regular progressing so well, Peter Fourier thought the time had come to make another essay to accomplish the great object of his heart, viz., the gratuitous education of the poor by religious orders. One division of

the work, that for poor girls, he had already seen realized, the present seemed a favourable opportunity for attempting that for poor boys, at first so unsuccessful owing to the inconstancy of the subjects he had employed. "Seeing the religious," says Bèdel, "so ardently burning with the desire of doing good, he hesitated not to lay before them his wishes and plans, which were not only to combat for the reform of nine or ten monasteries, scattered here and there over the country, but to draw many out of the deluge of spiritual evil, . . . and particularly to make war against ignorance, by teaching gratuitously boys, as the nuns taught the girls. . . . Without wishing to reap other people's harvest, he only desired to glean what they had left; to throw the schools open to rich and poor boys, as soon as they had come to the use of reason, to teach them reading, writing, and sufficient Latin to enable them to enter the colleges. . . . If any of the students, not wishing to make this course, but knowing reading and writing, desired to enter the world, they should be asked, as well as their parents, what trade they intended to follow, and then instruction was to be given them for some months in such things as might be most useful to enable them to follow it, and improve their temporal and spiritual life."

But if there were any among the students who wished to embrace the ecclesiastical life, Fourier directed that after having been instructed on the excellent dignity of that vocation, they should be taught Gregorian Chant, and all that regards Minor and Sacred Orders. He was also heard to speak of the intention he had of asking the Bishops not to allow any ecclesiastic to undertake the care of souls before presenting an attestation from one of his monasteries

that the doctrines of Calvin are now entirely banished from the soil and his followers extinct in all this country."

Besides these evangelical labours among the Protestants, the holy Father was also employed by his Bishop in visiting the diocese and giving missions throughout the country. In this work, too, he was very successful, and in order that the fruits of his labours might be permanent, he conceived the idea of establishing a nursery of apostolic men in the Vosges. A benefactor of the order, M. Virion, having afterwards supplied the necessary means, a site was selected for a monastery in the picturesque valley of Tholy. A church was raised, and a house was built by its side, which was occupied by Canons Regular of the Congregation of Our Saviour till the time of the great French Revolution. It is to this establishment of apostolic men that that part of Lorraine chiefly owes the preservation of the Catholic faith.

Fourier was not permitted to die among the spiritual children he loved so well. His well-known attachment to the house of Lorraine raised a powerful enemy against him in the person of Cardinal Richelieu, and he was driven into exile. In May, 1636, at the age of 72, after a last adieu to his country and to his beloved Mattaincourt, accompanied by some of his nuns from Mirecourt and by one of his canons, he entered Gray. A benefactor gave them a house, which is still existing, now turned into a Convent of Canonesses. Fourier reserved for himself a small room, and there spent the last years of his mortal life. A free school for the poor children of the town was soon opened, and Fourier in his old age, "as if to contribute his share in paying for the

hospitality accorded to them, not only caused the religious who had accompanied him to teach the youth, but he himself, feeble as he was, went every day to the schools, and took the most stupid and troublesome of the scholars, and taught them with admirable patience." Thus, faithful to the last to his love of instructing the poor, he died December 9, 1640.

One of his historians thus records his last moments and edifying death: "He held his crucifix pressed to his lips and implored his Redeemer to shed one drop of His precious blood upon his departing soul. Then invoking Mary, he cried, 'Show thyself a Mother!' and this he repeated. He requested the attendants to read to him the holy death of St. Augustine, anxious to imitate so saintly a model, even to his death. Afterwards he recited the psalm *Miserere*, but on arriving at the verse 'Cast me not away from Thy sight,' he trembled, and his tears for some time choked all utterance. After having received the Viaticum and Extreme Unction, he spent the remainder of his time in perpetual thanksgiving and ravished in ecstatic reveries. The religious, seeing him at the point of death, knelt down and begged him to bless them and the whole congregation, at which the Saint raised his hands thrice, made the sign of the cross over his body, invoked the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, and with his eyes fixed on heaven, calmly slept in the Lord."

After his death a dispute arose for the possession of his body. The magistrates of Gray claimed it as the prize and the reward of their hospitality, the Canons Regular, his spiritual children, naturally desired to retain with them the mortal remains of their beloved Father. A compromise was effected,

the inhabitants of Gray being allowed to retain the heart of the Saint, which is still venerated in the parish church of the town, while the Canons Regular had then secured, as they thought, the body of their holy Father. On the way to one of their abbeys in Lorraine they stopped at Mattaincourt and placed the body in the church for the night. The next morning, however, the old parishioners of the good Father protested that the sacred remains should never be removed from among them, and that they would rather yield their lives than the body of their Father. Upon repeated commands from their sovereign the men at length gave way, and the *cortège* was about to set out, when the women rushed forth, threw themselves upon the bier, and declared that they could never part with their treasure. To prevent bloodshed their wishes were complied with, and it now remains in the church which Fourier had served for so many years, and where it is visited by thousands of pilgrims, who come to invoke the help of the Bon Père, the Apostle of Lorraine.

In 1730 Benedict XIII. published the decree of his Beatification, and on Ascension Day, 1897, Leo XIII. solemnly added Peter Fourier to the catalogue of the Saints.

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